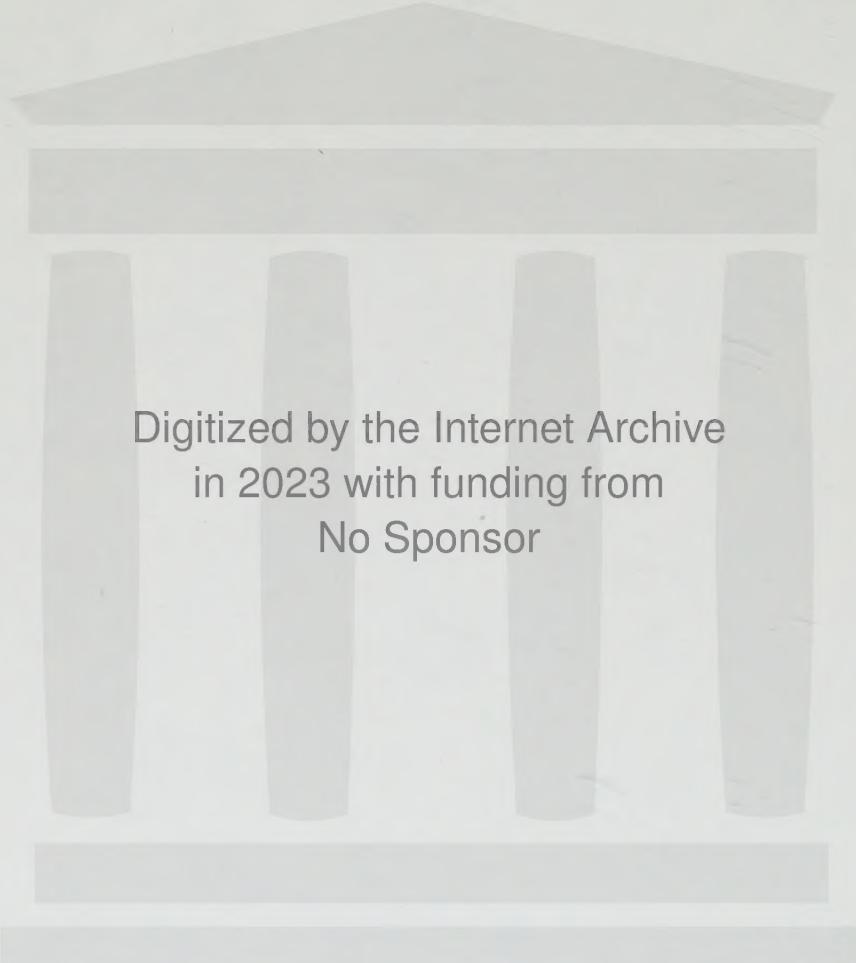


Father Tuck's ANNUAL



MABEL
LUCE - A.
ATYWELL.



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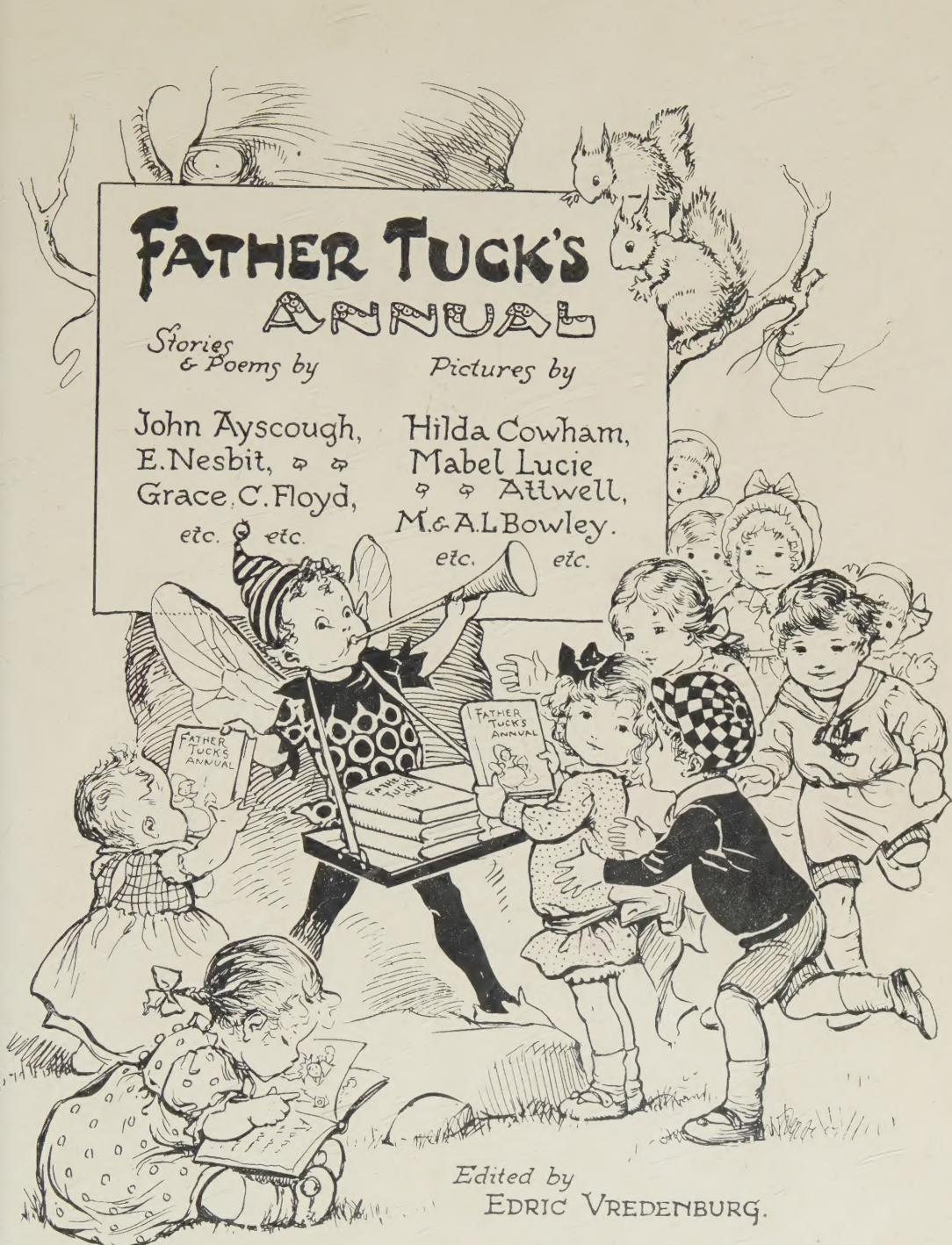
FATHER TUCK'S ANNUAL

Stories
& Poems by

John Ayscough,
E. Nesbit, & &
Grace C. Floyd,
etc. & etc.

Pictures by

Hilda Cowham,
Mabel Lucie
& & Attwell,
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etc. etc.



Edited by
EDRIC VREDENBURG.



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WELCOME VISITORS.

WE have many Welcome Visitors—Boys and Girls from over the way and round the corner, old Schoolfellows, and Cousins from the country, and all those sorts of people. Then there are Uncles and Aunts, and Grandfathers and Grandmothers. I am sure we are very glad to see them, are we not?

Then the Cuckoo in the Spring, and the Swallow in the Summer, and the Flowers that deck the fields and woodlands are all welcome visitors.

WELCOME VISITORS.

There is the Postman on birthdays and at Christmas-time—we are all very much pleased to see him. Then there is dear old Santa Claus with his sacks of toys, and his sleigh and team of Reindeer—indeed, the year would not be complete without him.

Lastly, there is another who is EVER WELCOME—need I say that it is Father Tuck with his Annual. Here he comes again, to give you many happy days, he trusts, and he hopes you will find pleasure in every one of its many pages.

Edric Vredenburg.





THE LONELY PENGUIN.

I.

The Penguins are such darling birds,
They have no proper wings;
But kind of bristles on their backs,
And little flapper things.

THE LONELY PENGUIN.



II.

One day a Penguin sat alone
And watched the ebbing tide.
He was a very lonely bird,
And now and then he sighed.

III.

But just as he was losing heart,
He started with surprise—
Two faces from the sea popped up,
With black and laughing eyes.

IV.

“You little pet!” exclaimed the boy;
The girl cried, “Oh, you treasure!
Oh, may we play with you, dear bird?”
The Penguin said, “With pleasure!”

V.

They kissed him on his shining bill,
They shook his flapper wing;
They tried to make him laugh or smile,
And taught him how to sing.



THE LONELY PENGUIN.

VI.

And when at last they had to go,
The water babies dear
Were kissed by Mr. Penguin's bill,
'Mid mang a falling tear.

VII.

"Dear children, come again!" he cried;
"We will, dear bird," said they;
And Mr. Penguin sat and sighed,
And watched them swim away.

W. Foyster.

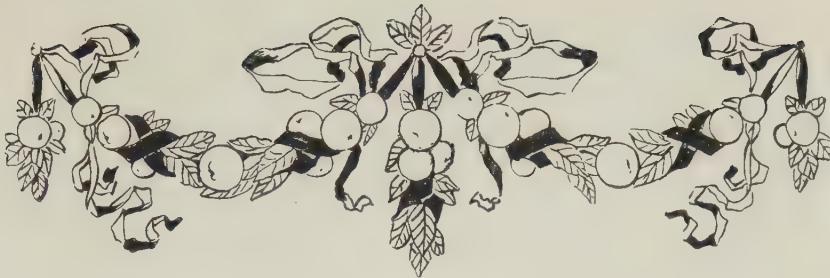




JUST OUT CHICKEN: "You go away! I'll tell my Ma!"



Santa Claus of the Woods
With his sackful of goods.



IN SLUMBERLAND.

In Slumberland, in Slumberland,

These little children lie,

Where poppies nod their drowsy heads,

Where winds go whisp'ring by.

A fairy spreads her silv'ry wings,

She watches by their side,

Whilst peaceful, pleasant dreams she brings

All through the long night-tide.





Now Night's away, and comes the Day;
The Summer dawn is breaking;
The Sunflow'r's faces glow and say,
" 'Tis time the world was wakin'."

G. C. F.



THE OTTER STORY.

THE three stopped as they heard a whistle come from the opposite side of the river. It came again clear and flute-like, and sounded mysterious this warm summer evening, for no one could be seen by the three.

The three consisted of the old gamekeeper and a boy and girl, brother and sister, who were staying with the Squire up at Otterway Hall, and these three had been out for a walk together, down the banks of the beautiful river.

Once more came that strange and flute-like whistle; it was close at hand, but still nothing was to be seen. The children looked in wonderment, but the old man smiled.



and you can often see the young cubs playing together like kittens."

"I *should* like to see them!" exclaimed the boy.

"You will, no doubt," answered the keeper. "Yes, otters are almost sacred in these parts. Even the Hall up there—Otterway Hall—is called after them, and those old ruins"—and he pointed away in the distance—"are the ruins of Otterway Castle. But there is a story about that."

"A story! oh, do tell it to us!" cried both the children together. "What sort of story is it?"

"That is an otter," said the gamekeeper; "there are many of them in this river, and by the Squire's orders we are not allowed to kill them."

"But why should you wish to kill them?" asked the little girl.

"Well, Miss, they do a deal of harm to the fish, that is the only reason. But, as I said, we are not allowed to destroy them. Indeed, no squire for generations has permitted the otters to be killed here."

The whistle was again repeated, but now it was further down the river.

"They call to their mates," continued the old man, as they rested by a stile; "they call to their mates these summer evenings and on moonlight nights,

always imagined this would happen. And now what had happened? Only that they had been invited to the wedding feast to see another made happy, another to be made the Countess, and to wear the glorious gems, and spend those sacks of gold. They raged in their anger; they vowed terrible vengeance—they did more, for the mother was a witch and knew the arts of black magic. So she made a potion—a deadly, wicked potion—which she put into a little bottle and took it with her to the wedding.

* * * * *

What a festival it was! There was dancing and singing, and the bride sang, and all wondered at her beautiful and flute-like notes. Then the great crowd drank to the health of the Earl and his Countess, and the two returned the toast. As the bride put down the golden goblet a shiver ran through her. "How strange the wine tasted!" she thought. Little did she think that a cruel potion had been added to the golden cup.

The guests departed and the evening came, and in the gloaming the bride wandered out alone to the river, and as she stood by the side of the beautiful stream a strange fear crept into her heart.



T. Noyes
Lewis

THE OTTER STORY.



their joy and merriment had gone; they were as old and weary people.

What was this terrible mystery? folk asked one another. Why did the Earl forbid anyone to approach within a mile of the river? and why was the life of the otter held sacred on this estate?

None could answer but four persons. The Earl and the Countess, the wicked woman who had mixed that fearful potion, and her daughter.

But you shall know this strange secret. As the night fell by the river-side so did the beauty of the Bride fall from her, and she turned into an otter, and so remained until the dawn of day.

No wonder that the smile had left her lips, and happiness had departed from her husband's heart.

A strange fear crept into the hearts of all those at the castle, for the Earl's bride did not return. They searched high and low for her throughout the weary night, down to the river-side, but all they heard there was the splash of an otter, and the flute-like cry of this graceful animal.

In the morning she returned, as beautiful as ever, but a great sadness in her lovely eyes. In the evening she wandered back to the river, not to return again till the morning, and it was apparent to all that a heavy sorrow had fallen on the Earl and Countess. They never smiled;

But he was a good man, and gave much to the poor, and prayed that his dear one should be relieved of this terrible affliction.

He prayed long and earnestly, and one night, in his loneliness, there appeared to him a white and radiant Angel, and the Angel said—

“ If you would that this evil depart, you must give up everything you possess in the world, and so must she. You must go one way, and she another, and all that you can have are the clothes you stand in. You must give up the home and estates of your ancestors, your jewels and gems and gold. If you travel to the east, she must turn to the west; if you turn to the north, she must go to the south. And you must face the world and work for your living, and so must she, and it must be so for five long years; and then, when you meet again, if you and she have proved yourselves worthy, all will be well between you. Can you do this? ”

“ I can, ” answered the Earl, and the white and radiant Angel left him.

In the rosy dawn of the next morning he met his Bride by the river-side, and he told her all the Angel had said, and they looked into one another’s eyes, and saw the love and trust that rested in them.





And before another hour had passed he was tramping away to the east, and she was away and away to the west. And all that they each possessed was their love of God, and their love for one another, and a strong and true purpose in their hearts.

And these are great possessions. With nothing else, boys and girls, men and women, have conquered everything.

* * *

And people wondered at the mystery —the mysterious disappearance of the Earl and his lady, for they never, never returned and the next heir took over those beautiful lands and the great castle. And from that day to this the otters have been held sacred in that river.

The swallows that built on the castle walls were the only living things that knew the end of that story, except, of course, the lovers, for the swallows had seen that meeting five years afterwards, in a country far, far away. With their strength of purpose and righteousness the two had braved the world and overcome all difficulties.

The swallows saw how long and happily they lived together, loved by one and all who knew them.

* * * * *

This was the keeper's story, and it was nearly dark when he finished. As the three left the river-side they heard a splash and the flute-like call of an otter.

Edric Vredenburg.



"I do not want to run away;
 I do not want to fight;
 So I'll hide behind this toadstool
 Till the creature's out of sight."

A. L. H.



The Elephant with the weakly chest.

LAUGHING LYRICS.—I.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE SALMON.

At Davos-Platz, the Elephant

That had a weakly chest,

Complained the chickens were "all legs,"

And said he "wanted breast."

The Salmon at the table near

Caroused alone on ginger-beer.

John Ainscough.





If Lesson Books were made of Cake,
If Ink were Strawberry Ice,
If Pens were Sticks of Chocolate,
Oh, wouldn't School be NICE?

Elsie B. Bromfield.



CHERRY RIPE!

THE LITTLE TEDDY BEAR

Words by CONSTANCE M. LOWE.

Music by C. EGERTON LOWE.

With expression, not fast.

VOICE. *p*

PIANO.

1. When my
2. Ev - 'ry -

mp lightly.

dé - but first I made, I at once put in the shade All the dol - lies and the o - ther pret - ty
- bo - dy seems to dote On my soft and fur - ry coat, And my eyes are dark and won - der - ful - ly

With Pedal.

toys; And my ma - ny no - vel charms Were re - ceived with o - pen arms By ad -
bright; I am pet - ted all the day, For I'm such a dear, they say, And I

mf

THE LITTLE TEDDY BEAR.



A little faster. ————— *A little slower.*

mir-ing crowds of lit - tle girls and boys:
know I bring the chil-dren great de - light!

For the wool - ly pup - py - dog, And the
Such a fa - fa - ur - ite I am, That I

p With expression.

poor old gol - li - wog, The chil-dren now no long - er seem to care;
ride in Ba - by's pram, And we real - ly make a ve - ry pret - ty pair;

mp Slowly.

p

mp

THE LITTLE TEDDY BEAR.

27

slower.

love and pride, you see, They have cen-tred all on me— Yes, all up - on the lit - tle Ted - dy
peo - ple say, "How sweet!" As they pass a - long the street, The Ba - by and the lit - tle Ted - dy

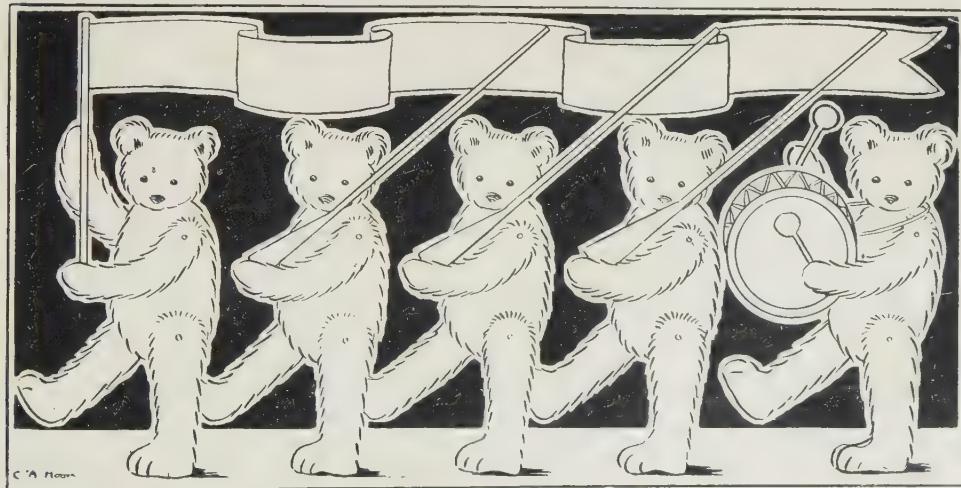
Slowly; in time; and a little faster.

Bear! } Then it's hey! for the lit - tle Ted - dy Bear! And it's
Bear! } *8va.*

slowly. *f*

ho! for the lit - tle Ted - dy Bear! For the chil - dren all de - clare He is

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The first staff uses a treble clef, the second a bass clef, and the third an alto clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with 'Slowly; in time; and a little faster.' appearing as a performance instruction. The score includes dynamic markings like 'slower.', 'f', and '8va.' (ottava), and a tempo marking 'Slowly' with a 'f' dynamic.



THE LITTLE TEDDY BEAR.

far be-yond com-pare, Their dar-ling lit-tle dear Ted-dy Bear! Then it's
 hey! for the lit-tle Ted-dy Bear! And it's ho! for the lit-tle Ted-dy
 Bear! For the chil-dren all de-clare He is far be-yond com-pare, Their



The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major and common time. The top staff features a melody line with eighth and sixteenth notes, accompanied by a bass line on the cello staff below. The middle staff continues the melody and bass line. The bottom staff provides harmonic support with a steady eighth-note bass line. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in a rhythmic pattern that matches the vocal line.



THE LITTLE TEDDY BEAR.

29



dar - ling lit - tle dear Ted - dy Bear! For the chil - dren all de - clare He is

far be - yond com - pare, Their dar - ling lit - tle dear Ted - dy Bear!

slowly.

slowly.

Sheet music for two voices and piano, in G major, 2/4 time. The vocal parts are in treble clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The music consists of four staves, with the vocal parts sharing the top two staves and the piano part on the bottom two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, corresponding to the musical phrases.



O Man in the Moon, do please come back soon,
Or the Tiger will stop in your place!
We shall see, I suppose, her yellow-striped nose
Instead of your kind, smiling face.



DORA WESTCOTT.

THE PLAYFUL KITE.

I thought my kite was most unkind
To leave his little friends behind,
And fly away the other day—
But now I know 'twas only play.

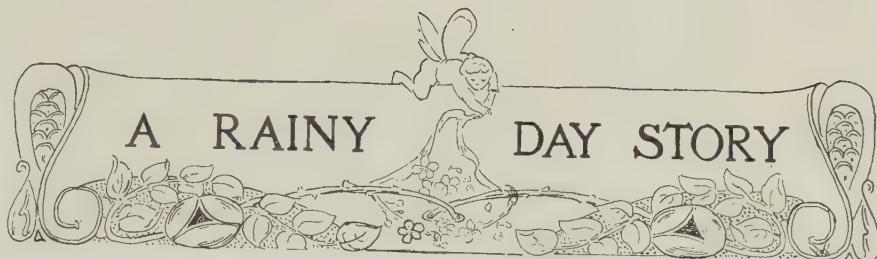
It flew so fast, as well as high,
We both felt half-inclined
to cry ;
But, suddenly, the string
grew slack,
And Mr. Kite came fly-
ing back.

Ada Leonora Harris.





IN SLUMBERLAND.



D RIP, drip, drip! Jack looked with big, solemn eyes out of the nursery window. Was the rain never going to stop?

It had rained all the morning and all the afternoon.

"There must be lots of naughty children to-day," he thought, "for Mummy says that, when it rains, it is the moon and star fairies crying because they are so *sorry*; and perhaps it is raining extra hard because I was extra naughty to-day," he added, wistfully.

Jack walked away from the window and sat down by the fire. Nurse had gone downstairs for a few minutes, and the little boy was all alone. He didn't mind a bit, for he loved to sit by the fire, when it was getting dark, and watch the glowing embers, and build up all kinds of stories about them.

All of a sudden, such a strange thing happened. He felt as if he had been to sleep, and was being wakened by



A RAINY DAY STORY.



something. He sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Hullo!" said a voice, and on looking down he saw the kind black face of his Gollywog. Jack jumped up from his chair.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Can you talk? I thought you could only squeak."

The Gollywog smiled. "Of course I can talk," he said; "but it is only when you are in the land of dreams that you can understand me."

"I'm not dreaming," said Jack, indignantly; "I'm wide awake!"

"All right," said the Gollywog; "don't get so angry about it."

"Don't *you* ever get cross," said Jack, "when I push and throw you about?"

"Oh, no," said the Gollywog; "I'm so used to it, you see."

Jack got very red, and hung his head. "I'm so sorry," he murmured. "You see, I didn't know toys had any feelings."

"Ha! ha! ha!" came from the toy cupboard; and in another moment the door was flung open, and a whole regiment of soldiers—

pushing off the lid of the box they were in—marched out into the nursery.

“ Didn’t know we had any feelings, indeed ! ” they cried. “ Shall we see if *he* has ? Charge ! ” and they made as if they would charge with their bayonets into Jack.

“ Halt ! ” shouted the Gollywog, stepping forward. “ Stand at ease ! ”

The soldiers, to Jack’s surprise, instantly obeyed “ Remember,” added the Gollywog, “ that now Jack is our guest, and must be treated as one.”

The soldiers saluted. “ Sorry,” said the Captain, “ but we were only in fun.”

“ Oh, it’s all right ! ” said Jack. “ I never mind when I hurt myself ; and I do get some awful bangs sometimes. You see, it’s only girls who cry when they get hurt,” he added.

Just then old Dobbin, the wooden horse, ambled up and asked Jack if he would like a ride.



A RAINY DAY STORY.

"Rather," said Jack; "but won't you have to be pushed?"

There was a burst of laughter, and as Jack turned round he saw, to his surprise, all his little sister's dolls seated round a small table having tea. They invited Jack to join them.

"Just wait a moment," he said; "I must first have a ride on Dobbin," and so saying, he jumped on to the back of the wooden horse, who trotted round the room without anyone touching him.

Jack grew more and more surprised. "Now for some tea," he said, wondering what kind of a tea he would get, for he was very hungry. "Why, I could eat everything in one mouthful!" he was just going to say, but remembered in time that he was invited to tea, even though it was in his own nursery.



And such a queer tea it was, too, for in the centre of the table was quite a big bowl of sawdust.

"Do you eat that?" asked Jack.

"Of course we do!" cried the dolls; "we sometimes never have anything else for days!"

"Oh!" cried Jack, "now I know."

"Know what?" they asked.



M. MacDonell.

"Never mind," said Jack, for he wasn't going to tell them that he had once cut open a doll to see what was inside.

There were all sorts of delicious things, too, when Jack sat down, and the dolls simply piled up his plate with all the nicest they could find, so after all he didn't do badly.

When they had finished tea a musical box began to play.

"Why," said Jack, "that's my musical box! But how can it play without even having the handle turned?"

"Oh, we don't have anything done like that during dream times," cried the dolls. "Why, we do everything ourselves!"

"Do the puzzles do themselves, too?" cried Jack.

A RAINY DAY STORY.

"Of course we do!" said a chorus of tiny voices.

Jack almost screamed with surprise, for the lid of his very own puzzle box suddenly opened, and the puzzles, one by one, slid on to the table and began arranging themselves in the very pictures Jack had spent nearly two hours over that morning.

"Well, I think," he said, "you might have helped me."

"We couldn't out of dream time," they said, "although we were longing to."

"Thank you all so much," said Jack, simply. "I *have* enjoyed myself, and it is the nicest rainy day I have ever had. I wish it would rain every day for a whole week; perhaps it would if I were naughty," he added, mischievously.

"Oh, no!" cried the dolls.

"I was only in fun," said Jack. "Well, good-b——"

But he never finished the word, for the room became suddenly dark, and Nurse's voice called from outside the door——

"Open, please, dear; here is your tea," she said.



"But I've had it," Jack was just going to say, but he caught sight of Gollywog lying at his feet looking up at him with big round eyes.

Jack picked him up tenderly, and very gravely laid him on a chair and ran off to his tea.

Marguerite Schloss.



"When a lesson's very dry, it's
such a help to have something
to play with!"

THE HARES AT
THE HAIRDRESSERS



The harebell is the blossom Mrs. Hare,
When dressing for a dance, just loves to wear!



UNLUCKY FISHERFOWLS.

They fished and fished from morn till night,

And did not get a single bite.

They fished with paste, they fished with flies,

But not a single fish would rise.

They fished from off their mother's back,

But caught no perch, and caught no "jack";

And 'mid those feathers warm, I'm told,

They didn't even catch a cold!

Felix Leigh.

CLEVER DOGS.

YOU know what very clever animals dogs are. Perhaps you have one of your own, and have taught him many tricks ; but certainly some of the cleverest of dogs are those that go out with the Sportsman.

In this picture you see a Setter—the one in front—and a Pointer. They have been out with their master, and on the ground is a brace of partridges. The first duty of these intelligent animals is to find the game. They start off ahead of their master, but do not go very far away. They move up and down the field with their noses to the ground, and immediately one of them scents a bird or a hare he remains stock still ; he stands as still as a statue, with his head stretched forward and his paw raised. The man with the gun knows the game is near at hand, and so is prepared. When the bird is shot, it is the duty of the dog to find it and bring it to his master. This he quickly does, and if he is a good dog holds it so carefully in his mouth that not a feather is spoilt.

These sporting dogs are usually gentle and affectionate, and of course very obedient, and their cleverness makes them excellent companions.





THE USEFUL PONY.

HERE we see the dogs resting after their work, with the game beside them. But something else has come into the picture, a sturdy little Shetland pony. He joins the shooting party about one o'clock in the day. And why do you think he has come; and why is it that everyone, including the dogs, is so pleased to see him? I will tell you. In one of the baskets is the mid-day meal, and very welcome is that meal, for the sportsmen were out early and are hungry. It doesn't take long to unpack the basket and lay the luncheon on the grass.

After lunch the pony takes home what remains in one basket, and the game in the other, and that part of his work is over. But you mustn't think that that is all he has to do. Oh, dear me, no! Master Pony has to work for his living. Sometimes he takes the children for a ride on his back, at other times he draws the little carriage. But taking it all together the pony has a happy life, for he is willing and good-tempered, and so is quite the pet of the family.



THE PUSSY-CAT WILLOW TREE.

Something dreadfully nice I know,
And nobody knows but me;
A dear little fairy told me so,
And I went by myself to see.
I know where the Fairyland Pussies grow
On the Pussy-cat Willow Tree.

The aspen boughs are cold and bare,
 Not a quivering leaf between;
 And even the hawthorn hedge out there
 Has scarcely a scrap of green;
 But the coats that the Fairyland Pussies wear
 Are the prettiest things to be seen.

They are only
 dangling
 tassels
 now;

But when
 the night
 comes
 round

They turn into
 cats on the
 willow
 bough,

And then, with never a
 sound,

Unfasten themselves, I
 don't know how,

And scamper over the
 ground.



THE PUSSY-CAT WILLOW TREE.

This is the secret the fairies told,
And nobody knows but me ;
For when morning comes, and the flowers unfold,
There's nothing at all to see
But the dear little fluffy balls of gold
On the Pussy-cat Willow Tree.

J. H. Macnair.





CASTLES BY THE SEA.



HARRY
B. NEILSON.

BABY'S BREAKFAST.



FROM STORM TO SUNSHINE.

O dear! O dear! How very queer! It's almost past a joke,
To think how full the whole world is of funny little folk;
And here you see that which, perhaps, you never saw before,
A doggie and a little girl engaged at 'Tug of War.'

As for the doggies looking on, no wonder they
are gazing

As if they thought the incident was perfectly
amazing.



And these three little oddities! dressed in a way
so curious,
They seem as if they never had seen anything so
furious.

But, ah ! how nice it is to turn from struggling and contention,
To view these clever little maids exerting their invention
Upon a model cottage, in a garden full of flowers,
Where pretty dolls may live in peace, and pass the sunny hours
On little chairs, by little tubs containing little trees
Whose leaves are rustling gently in the pleasant summer breeze.
Just think (when we are quite grown up) how happy we shall be,
If such a charming cottage can be found for you and me !

William Cairn Jones.





THE COURT JESTER.

ONCE, in the dear days of long ago, there lived in the Court of the Japanese King the merriest Jester in all Japan. His name was Kokosan. He had twinkling eyes, a laughing mouth, the whitest teeth ever seen, and as he loved playing leap-frog with the Court servants (when not amusing the King), they thought him the dearest, nicest Jester ever born.

Now, the funniest thing about Kokosan was that no one had ever seen him shed a tear!

When the Queen died, and there was a grand funeral, and all the Court ladies wept and wailed, and even the King wept copiously, Kokosan still smiled, refusing to shed a tear. At this, the King was very wrath. "There is a time to jest and laugh," he said, angrily, "and a time to weep and mourn. It is not seemly for you to laugh when your Royal Mistress lies dead. Call the Court physician. He shall see whether there is a tear-duct in your eye. It

may not be your fault, and in that case I will forgive your heartless conduct."

The Court Physician came. He poked poor Kokosan's eyes with every kind of terrible instrument. No matter how he poked and pulled, the eye did not water! "This man is different to other men," he said, mysteriously; "he is quite incapable of shedding a tear, therefore most suitable for a Court Jester."

At this Kokosan laughed and danced until he could laugh no more. So infectious was his laugh that even the King forgot his sorrow, and all the Court was merry again. Now, there was one thing that Kokosan loved more than his life. This was a pet bird—a pure white dove. She slept in his bosom, sat on his shoulder at the Court feasts, and hovered near him when he was amusing the King. She had never been ill or mopish. Suddenly, one morning, she fell from Kokosan's shoulder to the ground, and lay there with a broken wing.

He tended her carefully for three days, but she would take neither water from his hand, nor grains of rice from between his lips.

Though he was distressed for his pet dove, Kokosan still laughed and jested before the King. He was paid to be Court Jester, and even a King can be selfish and exacting. The King was dull. Though Kokosan's heart ached, he tumbled head over heels and played the usual pranks before his royal master.

But in the night watches,





when all the Court slept, he crooned and moaned over his ailing dove, but yet could not shed a tear. "My heart must be of stone," he murmured, as he caressed the now dying dove; "to-morrow I shall be mourning for my sweet bird, yet all the Court will think me heartless because my tears won't flow."

Just then the dove fluttered in his hand, turned her soft eyes

upon him, and died quietly. With the shock of her death, Kokosan felt a warm rush of tears to his eyes, while a tear-drop fell on the dove's white plumage. Ere he could wipe away the tell-tale drops, a lovely princess in shining white threw her arms around the astonished Jester's neck.

"Ah! Kokosan, dear Kokosan, at last I have made you cry! At my birth a wicked fairy said I should be changed into a dove until the merriest man in the world was moved to tears for my sake!"

Then Kokosan laughed and danced more than ever, and the King called for the Court Chaplain to marry the beautiful Princess to Kokosan, and they lived merrily ever after.

Helen Beaumont.



1 FOOT

2 FEET

3 FEET

ONE YARD DOG.



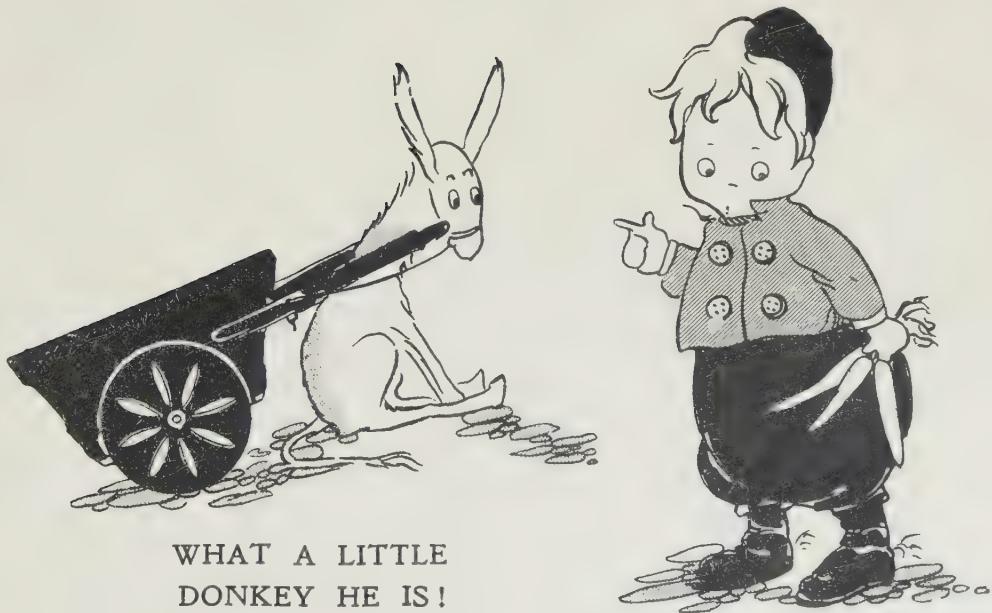
“His Aunt and he were reconciled.”

LAUGHING LYRIC -II.

THE SPORTING OSTRICH.

An Ostrich, with an arquebus,
Was shooting lords at Greenwich :
He bade the cook prepare some toast
To serve them on (with spinach).
The game, however, proved so wild,
His Aunt and he were reconciled.

John Ainscough.



WHAT A LITTLE
DONKEY HE IS !



JUST FOR A CHANGE.

“Excuse me, I pray,”
Said the Fish, “but I say,
Do you think it would look very strange
If I borrowed a rod
From my friend, Captain Cod,
And tried to catch you for a change?”

Ada Leonora Harris.



AL Bowley -

THE SKATES GO SKATING

**When frost begins, the skates are quick to skate,
Because they weigh so very light a weight.**



SHOPPING.

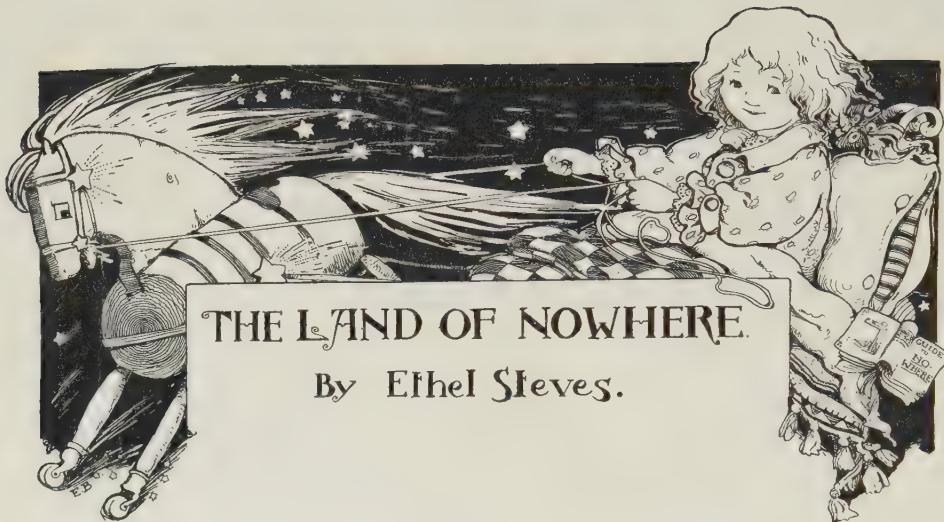
Good morning, Ma'am! I want to buy
A cake of yellow soap;
Some soda and a blue bag, too,
With just a yard of rope.

I have to wash my Dollies' clothes,
And I have not begun;
It takes an hour to rinse and wring
And dry them in the sun.

I wish that *I* could keep a shop,
For that is only play
Compared with what *I* have to do.
Oh, thank you, Ma'am! Good day!

Ivie Hertslet.





THE LAND OF NOWHERE.

By Ethel Steves.

Do you know the land where the pudding-tree grows,

And mince-pies bloom in the hedges ?

Where fairies dance in stately rows,

And play hide-and-seek in the sedges ?

There the houses are built of chocolate-cream,

And the windows are made of toffee ;

And you feel that it surely must be a dream

When you water the flowers with coffee.

There you row about in a candy-boat,

On a lake of raspberry syrup ;

Or you ride on a horse of ginger-bread,

With your foot in a golden stirrup.

And you dance at night with the fairy band,
On the dewy grass so green,
All in a ring and hand in hand,
Round the throne of the Fairy Queen.

And when
you are
tired you go
to sleep

In a beau-
tiful rose-
leaf bed,

With a pillow
of down, so
soft and
white,

And a cob-
web coun-
terpane
spread.

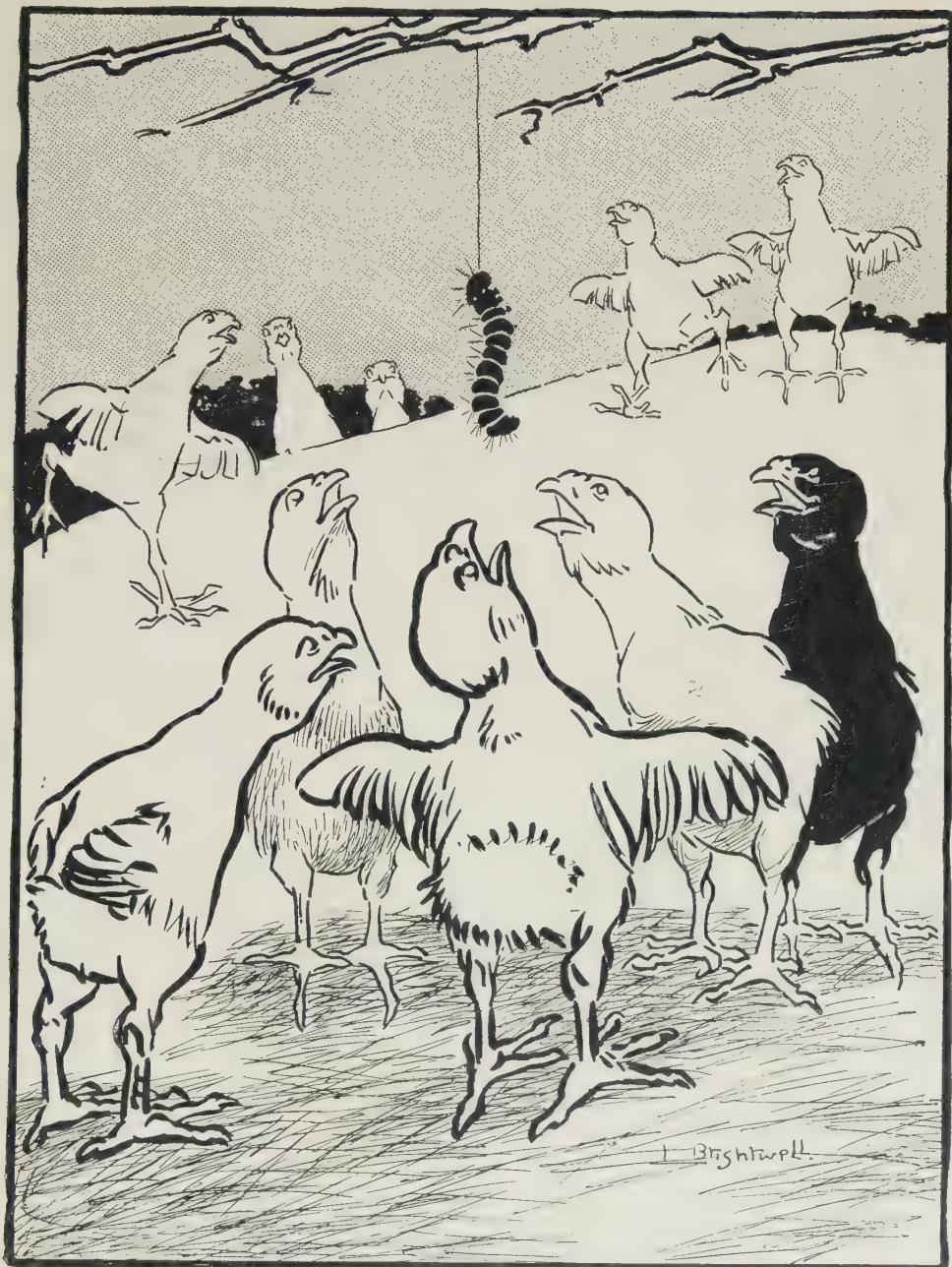


THE LAND OF NOWHERE.



'Tis a beautiful land that all children know,
 A land most lovely and fair;
 But the road there is rather hard to find,
 For it's known as the land "Nowhere."





WILL HE DROP?

F



LITTLE WOOD-CUTTER.

“You stop in the wood,” said she, “and be a wood-cutter;
I’m going home to make tea and cut bread and butter.”



TICK-TOCK! Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Little Audrey Setoun looked up wonderingly at the fine old Grandfather clock which was ticking so solemnly, so regularly, at its post at the head of the first staircase in Setoun Hall. She stood with her hands behind her back, and presently she heaved a deep sigh.

“Oh, Grandfather Clock, dear,” she said—she always addressed the grand old time-piece as “Grandfather Clock”—“how very slowly and solemnly you tick away your minutes! And some of the clocks tick so fast, as if they were hurrying along to get to the end of the day. But you are always the same—tick-tock! tick-tock! tick-tock! And to think you’ve been doing that for more than a hundred years, without stopping to go to bed or to rest! It makes me ache to think of it! Aren’t you very, very tired?”

“Tick-tock!” answered the clock patiently. “Tick-tock! Tick-tock!”

Audrey rubbed her eyes.

“You make me feel sleepy with that slow ‘tick-tock!’” she said. “Yes, and presently your funny, old-fashioned chain will run



down, with its whirring, rattling sound, and you will strike Six! And then Nurse will come to look for me, with her 'Come, Miss Audrey, my dear! It's bed-time for all good little girls;' but *you* will go ticking on just the same until you strike the time for me to get up again! I wonder whether the moon comes to kiss your face in the night, like the sun kisses you in the day-time? I'd like to sit up with you one night, just to see. Should you be pleased to have me for company, Grandfather Clock?"

"Tick-tock!" answered Grandfather.

"That means 'Yes—yes,'" nodded Audrey. "I wish you could talk in *our* language. What a lot you would have to tell me! Why, I believe you are trying to smile at me! Oh, dear! There is that funny little noise inside you, which means your chain is getting ready to run down, and then you'll say 'Six,' and Nurse will take me away just as you are beginning to look so friendly!"

Audrey stood on tip-toe and unfastened the funny little wooden "button" that kept the door closed, that she might open it and watch the chain run down, with its big leaden weight. As she did so, an idea suddenly entered her naughty, curly little head.

"*Suppose* I *do* keep you company to-night, Grandfather Clock,

dear? You wouldn't feel half so lonely, would you? I could sleep quite comfortably inside your big, wooden case, and Nurse wouldn't know where to find me; and after she had got tired of looking, and had gone to bed, you could wake me up, and I'd open your door again, and watch the moon and stars with you."

"Tick-tock!" returned Grandfather Clock, and Audrey nodded approvingly.

"That means 'Do, please,'" she said; and without more ado, she stepped inside the great case and pulled the door to after her.

"It's a *leetle* bit crampy, after all," she murmured; "but never mind, I'll soon get used to it. Oh, doesn't your tick-tock inside here sound like mother hushing baby off to sleep! Tick-tock! Hush-hush! Tick-tock! Hush-hush! Tick-tock!"

"Tick-tock! Ah, yes! Tick-tock! Good-night! Tick-tock!" droned the Grandfather.

Audrey started.

"Why, you are talking, Grandfather Clock!" she gasped. "And—oh, dear! What have I done? I've caught hold of your weight and stopped you! And now you won't be able to go on talking or ticking! What a pity! Just as you were beginning to talk my language, too!"





the first little girl who has hidden inside my case?"

"Oh, please tell me about it!" begged Audrey in a breathless whisper. She was afraid to speak aloud for fear Nurse should be near and discover her hiding-place.

"It is a 'long-ago' story," answered Grandfather Clock; "the little girl was your Great-great-grandmamma."

"Oh!" gasped Audrey, "what a very long time ago! That must have been before I was born!"

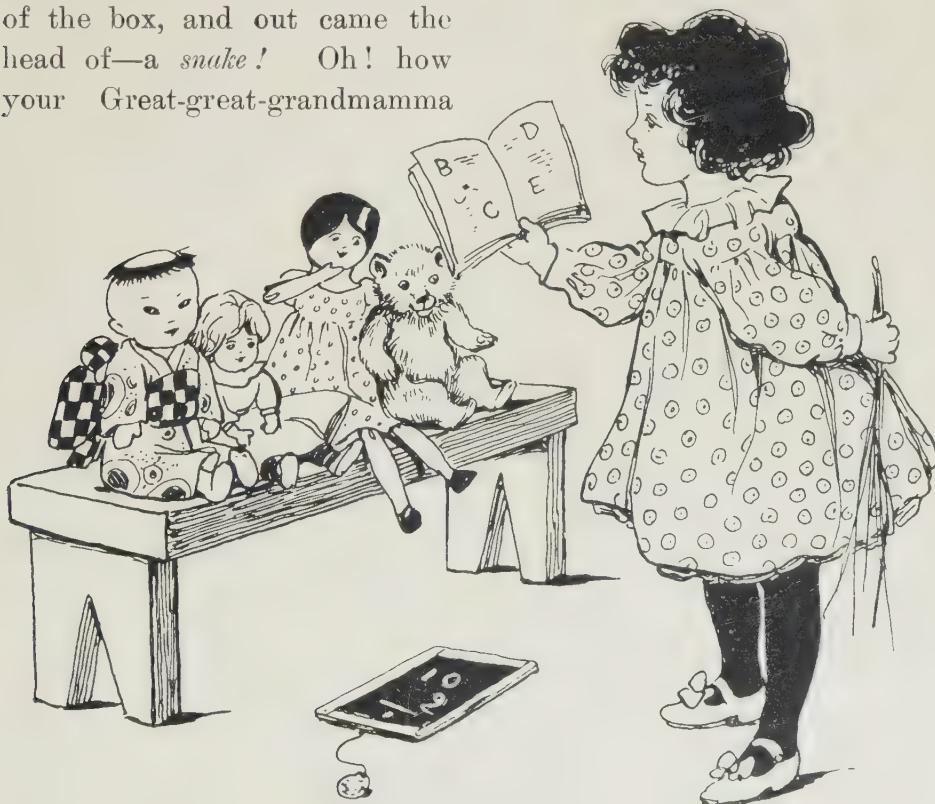
"I should think so, indeed!" said the Grandfather; and his voice sounded very superior. "But *I* was here then, and *I* played a very important part in the story. Indeed, if it had not been for *ME*, I don't know what would have become of your Great-great-grandmamma."

"Oh, please be quick and tell me about it, before Nurse finds me!" implored Audrey, anxiously.

"Or before they come to see what *I* have stopped my usual duties for," said the Clock. "Well, one fine summer morning, when your Great-great-grandmamma was not much bigger than you are now, a big uncle arrived from some foreign parts, and amongst his luggage was a large, peculiar-looking case, which was left in the hall, just where *I* could see it, instead

"Never mind," said a deep voice, quite unlike the Grandfather's usual drowsy tones, "I can still talk to you, and I can speak a little faster, you know, when I don't have to say everything in tick-tocks. Do you know, you are not

of being taken upstairs with the rest of his things. Now, it happened that little Elizabeth—your Great-great-grandmamma—was of a very inquisitive turn of mind, so she asked her Uncle George what the case contained; and instead of telling her outright, the traveller laughed and said, 'Something that will be more interesting to the Zoological Gardens than to you, little maid!' But that answer, of course, did not satisfy such a curious little maiden, and I suppose she determined to find out for herself what was inside the packing-case, for that very evening, while the family was at dinner, and Nurse had slipped downstairs for a little gossip with the other maids, down tripped little Miss Elizabeth to fathom the mystery. While her nervous little hands were still busy with the last fastening, up went the lid of the box, and out came the head of—a *snake*! Oh! how your Great-great-grandmamma





rushed upstairs! She tumbled against me, and my door came unfastened, which seemed to offer her a way of escape, for she got inside me, quick as thought, and pulled the door to behind her. I nearly left off ticking with relief! But the poor little girl was breathing so hard and fast that I had to keep on ticking for companionship's sake. Just then Nurse came back, and when she saw the snake she gave such a shriek that out from the dining-room rushed your Great-great-great-grandparents, your Great-great-great-Uncle George, and all the rest of the company, to see what was happening. And what a commotion followed! I only had the presence of mind to tick on as if nothing unusual had occurred, for I had my little captive Elizabeth to shield from discovery. Well, the snake had to be killed, so it never got to the Zoological Gardens after all, all through a little girl's inquisitiveness." (Audrey winced, for curiosity was her own besetting weakness.) "And after that excitement was over there was a hunt for Elizabeth, who was now reported missing. Someone, seeing my door unfastened, had turned the button, so the little girl was a prisoner. When she found, however, that no one came to let her out, she stood up in a sudden fright and banged on the door with such energy that she over-balanced me, and I fell forward on my face, while Elizabeth screamed aloud."

"Yes—yes—what then, Grandfather Clock?" asked Audrey breathlessly, as the story-teller paused.

"And then," said Grandfather, drowsily—"then—then the snake turned into a fairy prince!"

"Oh, Grandfather Clock!" cried Audrey, with deep disappointment in her tones, "I thought you were telling me a true story, and it's only a fairy tale after all!"

"Tick-tock! Dreams-change! Tick-tock!" droned the Grandfather; and then Audrey suddenly became aware that her Father's voice was speaking. "Well! no wonder the clock stopped! Here is Audrey fast asleep inside it! Audrey, child! Wake up! Whatever brings you here?" Audrey rubbed her eyes as father lifted her out.

"Oh — was it only a dream? Grandfather Clock has been telling me the story of Great-great-grandmamma and the snake!"



"I told you that story a long time ago, Audrey, and it has come back to you in your dreams," said mother, who had come upon the scene.

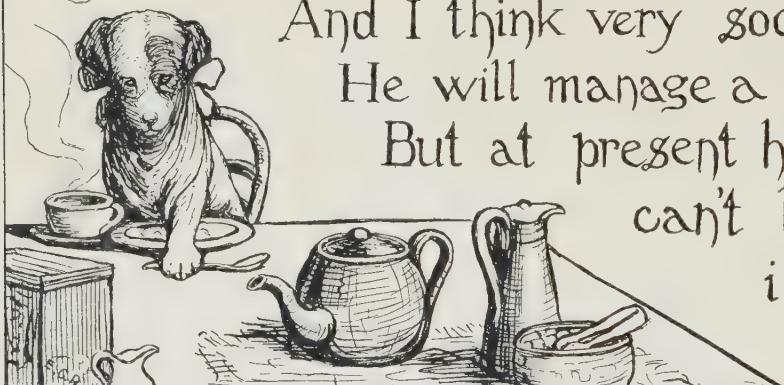
"Oh," said Audrey, sleepily. "But—but—haven't you really been talking to me, Grandfather Clock?"

And Grandfather Clock, who had been set going again, seemed to Audrey to smile mysteriously as he answered—

"Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Tick-tock!"

Amy Cripps Vernon.

At his meals my Fox-Terrier pup
Always uses a saucer and cup,
And I think very soon
He will manage a spoon,
But at present he
can't lift
it up.





Lea.

ALFRED AND HIS AEROPLANE.

Alfred made an Aeroplane—

 Paper, wire and wood—

Said “Good-bye!” to all his friends,

As, of course, he should.

 But remarked, “I’ll come again

 When my journey’s done,

 Just to tell you what it’s like,

 Sailing round the sun.”

Alfred in his Aeroplane

 Vanished in the sky;

People watching, cried aloud,

“That’s the way to fly!

ALFRED AND HIS AEROPLANE.

back
scene.
“
talkin’

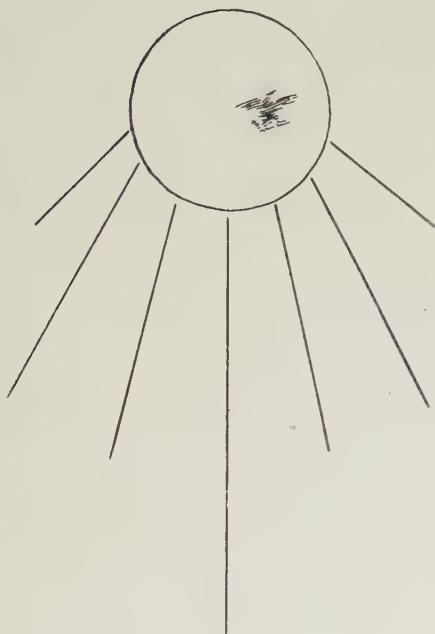
“What a journey it will be,
When so well begun!
Oh, what wonders he will see,
Sailing round the sun!”

Av

Alfred and his Aeroplane
Never more were seen
Till Professor Bunn, the great,
Cried in accents keen—

“See that sun spot, clear and dark!
'Tis (as my name's Bunn)

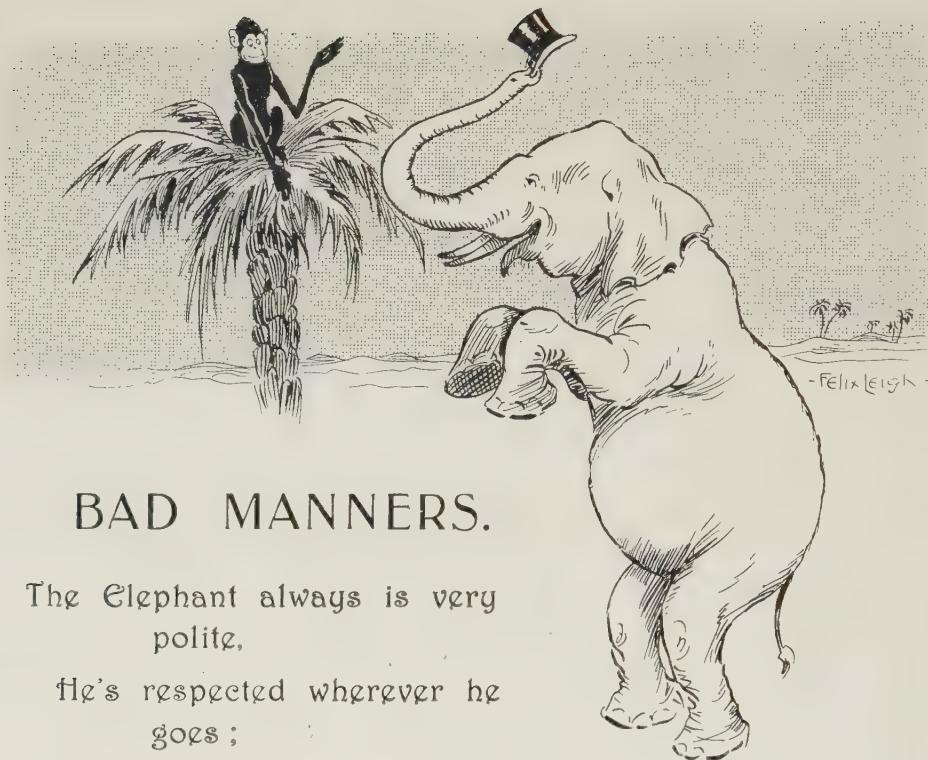




Alfred and his Aeroplane
Sailing round the sun!"

John Lea.





BAD MANNERS.

The Elephant always is very
polite,

He's respected wherever he
goes;

But the Monkey declares that he cannot be right
When he takes off his hat with his nose!

Felix Leigh.

THE RABBIT AND THE OWL.

Said the Rabbit to the Owl,
"You're a sleepy-headed fowl,
And I don't believe you've ever been awake."

Said the Owl to the Rabbit,
"It's a simple case of habit,
And for once, my friend, you've made a big mistake."

"For when you're snug in bed
I am out of doors instead,
As wide awake as ever I can be;
So if I sleep in the daytime,
Which is little rabbits' playtime,
You must not think I'm lazy, don't you see?"

G. E. Shepheard.





A QUAINT OLD KING.

You see in the picture this quaint old King;
Well, isn't it just the funniest thing?
He wears his two shoes right up on his head,
And a pair of crowns on his feet instead!

H. E.

MRS FOX AND THE
CHILDREN AT THE
FOXGLOVE
SHOP.



When Mrs. Fox is short of gloves to wear,
At what a lovely shop she buys a pair!



Coming out of School.

THE CATS' SCHOOL.

There is a School for Cats I know,
Where all good kittens love to go ;
They learn their lessons with great care,
And sit as still as mice, when there.

They never laugh nor make a noise,
 Like some I've heard of, girls and boys ;
 Then when school's over, what a sight
 To see those kittens' great delight!

And clever cats they'll be some day ;—
 You'd like to meet them, I dare say ;—
 Perhaps your Puss has been there too,
 And feels she knows much more than you !

Grace C. Floyd.



"Nature-Study is the most interesting lesson!"



SINGING THROUGH THE YEAR.

If skies are blue, or skies are grey,
All through the year each dawning day
Some new and perfect blossom brings,
And every day some sweet voice sings.

There may be roses, rich and red,
Or but the little daisies spread;
Or some child-face flower, sweet and dear,
But there are flowers all through the year.

It may be nightingale's full notes,
Or winter songs from robins' throats,
Or children's voices, sweet and clear,
But there is song all through the year.



No man can see and hear and know
All the sweet songs and flowers that grow;
Only the angels see and hear
All flowers and songs all through the year.

E. Nesbit.



BY THE SILVER SEA.



PIXYLAND.

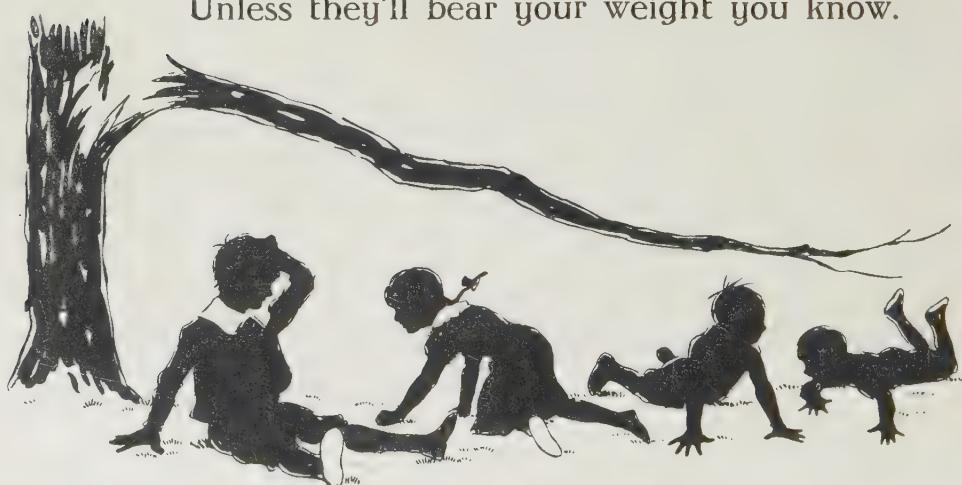
Pixyland is away over yonder;
This is what happens when there you wander.



SEE BEFORE YOU SEE-SAW.

A row of four upon a tree,
See-sawing up and down in glee,
No merrier children could you see.

* * * * *
But there's a moral down below—
Don't trust to any boughs that grow
Unless they'll bear your weight you know.



Hubert Whately



THIS TEDDY BEAR IS TOO LARGE!



CHERRY STONES.

I.

IT was a lovely orchard. The trees were covered with cherries, large and ripe—red cherries, black cherries, and red and white cherries. The boughs were heavy with the lovely fruit.

It was a beautiful day, for the sun shone brightly, the butterflies flitted here and there, the birds twittered in the branches, the bees gathered their honey, and all was happiness in that quiet countryside.

Two little children sat on the wall of the orchard eating cherries—a little girl and a little boy—and they made the pretty picture look prettier still.

“Tinker, tailor,” said the boy, counting his cherry stones, “tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, gentleman, apothecary, plough-boy, thief. I wonder what I am going to be!” and then he went on

again—"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, gentleman, apothecary, plough-boy, thief," and then again he went on, for he had eaten a lot of cherries, and his plate was full of stones.

But before he had finished, somehow or other the plate slipped off his knees, and fell, cherry stones and all, into the bushes below.

"Well, you *are* a careless boy!" said the little girl; "now you won't know what you are going to be."

"Oh, yes, I shall!" he replied, "for I can eat some more cherries to-morrow; but you see now what you are going to be."

"Nonsense!" she said, with a toss of her curls; "how could I be a tinker or a tailor? I'm going to do as my big sister does, and see when I am going to be married. This year, next year, sometime, never," and on she went ever so many times, till the cherry stones came to "sometime."

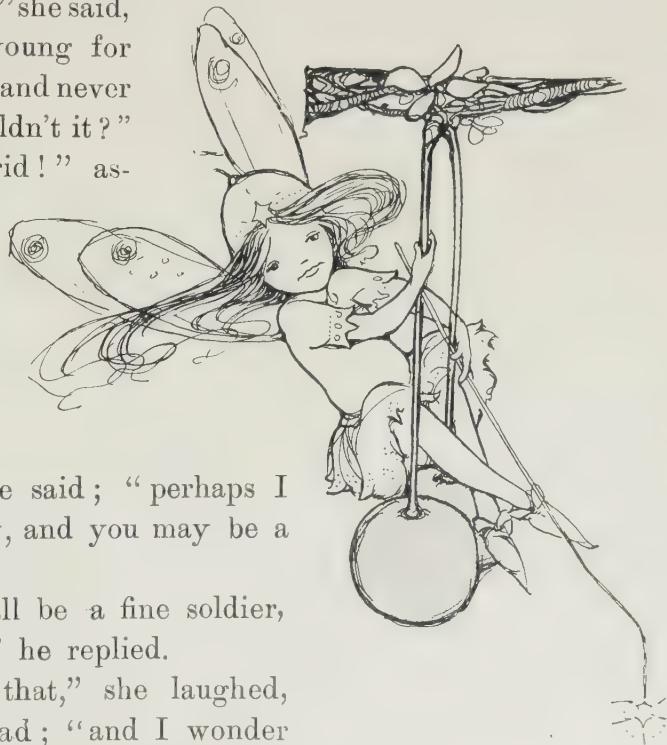
"That's the best," she said, "for I am rather young for this year, next year; and never would be horrid, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes, horrid!" assented the little boy; "but 'sometime' means years and years, doesn't it? I wonder where we shall be?"

"I wonder," she said; "perhaps I shall be a great lady, and you may be a plough-boy."

"Perhaps I shall be a fine soldier, and you a Princess," he replied.

"I *should* like that," she laughed, shaking her curly head; "and I wonder





if we shall ever meet in that 'sometime,' which is so many years away!"

The little boy wondered, but did not say anything.

"I say," she went on, after some minutes' silence, "I say, let us change cherry stones. You keep this one I give you—keep it for years and years—and if you are very unhappy, really, really, very unhappy, you know, you send it to me, and if

I am a great lady or a Princess, then I shall come and help you, and take away all your unhappiness, see, dear?"

"Yes," he said, and laughed a merry laugh, "that will be fine."

"And now, you give me a cherry stone," she continued, "and I will keep it carefully, too, and if I am really and really unhappy, and I send it to you, you will come to me if you are a great soldier, and you will help me, and take all my unhappiness away, and dry my tears, dear, will you not?"

"I will come, I promise you," he answered firmly, and put the stone in his pocket.

"What was that?" they both exclaimed together, as they looked up into the tree.

They were sure they had heard a laugh—a low, silvery laugh—right up in the branches of the tree, and they were right, for it was a fairy tree, although they did not know it, and it was the good fairy of the cherry tree that laughed so sweetly.

Presently they went home to tea, and forgot the cherry stones for the time being.

II.

Now years and years rolled by, and the cherry trees blossomed and bore lovely fruit—red cherries, black cherries, and red and white cherries—and the birds flitted among the branches, and the butterflies danced in the sunshine, and the bees gathered their honey, just as they did before, and just as they will always do, but the little boy and the little girl were there no more; they were grown up to be man and woman.



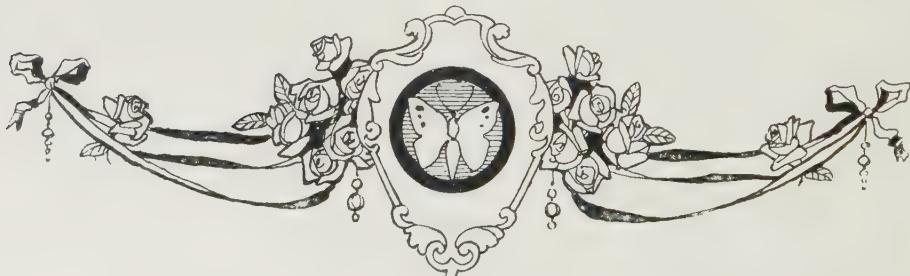
CHERRY STONES.

The “sometime” of the cherry stones had come, and she was married and lived miles and hundreds of miles away in a foreign country.

And what is more, she was a great lady, too, and her husband was a fine soldier, and they lived in a great white house, under a tropical sun, and they had lovely grounds and flowers and fruit, but no cherry trees; there were no cherry trees in that beautiful country.

Now, if the skies were blue, and the sun was hot, so was the blood of the people that lived there—that is to say, they were of a fierce and fiery nature—and suddenly one day a terrible war broke out. Fire and sword swept over the land, and wicked people let their wicked passions loose; and alas! and alas! her fine husband was killed, and the lovely house was burnt to the ground, and her property was destroyed, and everything she possessed was taken from her, and she stood alone and desolate under that blue sky and burning sun, and her great white house was a blackened ruin.

And suddenly she heard a laugh—a low, silvery laugh—that made her start in wonderment. It took her back years and years, and she could see herself sitting on the orchard wall, with a little boy beside her, counting cherry stones, and then she remembered the stones they had exchanged, for it was the good fairy of the cherry tree that laughed so sweetly.



III.

And for him the years rolled on, and he saw the orchard blossom and bear its fruit, year after year, for he still lived in the cottage beside it. He was no great soldier or rich man; indeed, he was little better than the plough-boy, for his farm was such a little one. But he loved it for all that, and he loved that orchard, too, and the low red wall on which they had sat together, and his favourite fruit was the cherry.

Now, one day, he was in the orchard watching the butterflies dance in the sunlight, when a messenger came through the white gate by the cottage, and brought him a message; and, as he opened the envelope, the first thing he saw was a white, dry cherry stone, and his thoughts went back at once to years ago; and at that moment there came a low, silvery laugh from the high branches, for the good fairy was there above him.

“Would he not come and help her?” ended the message. Ah!





would he not? he answered, as he put her letter in his pocket, and buttoned his coat, and stepped out into the world.

And how did he find her and get to her, those hundreds of miles away? Ask the good fairy of the cherry tree, for unseen she helped them both. Across the seas he went, and back again across the seas,

and they have their seats still on the orchard wall, and still do they eat cherries together. The last time they counted their stones, do you know, with both of them it came to—"next year," and the fairy laughed more sweetly than ever. I wonder why!

Edric Vredenburg.



Kind Mr. and Mrs. Robin help poor blind
Mr. Mole.

LAUGHING LYRICS.—III.

A PENGUIN AND A PORCUPINE.

A Penguin and a Porcupine
Were dining out at eight;
Owing, they said, to different clocks
They both arrived quite late:
The soup was cold, the fish was done,
Although it seemed but half-past one.

John Ainscough.



THAT NAUGHTY PUPPY!



“They both arrived quite late.”



MIGNONETTE'S CHARM.

"Why does our Lady love you so?"

Cried Pansy to her friend;

"You are not half
as pretty as the
roses;

You have no funny
face like mine,

No graceful head to bend,

And yet she always wants
you in her posies."

Sweet Mignonette is never vain—

"I cannot tell," she said;

"I only know I try to give her pleasure;

She seems to like my perfume,

And when I hear her tread,

I breathe it out in full, unstinted measure."

Just then their Lady came in sight,

A button-hole to get;

She passed the radiant roses' gay 'collection;

"Your name means 'Little darling!'"

She told the Mignonette,

And gathered her with ten-
derest affection.

Sweet Mignonette was quite
content

To nestle on her breast,

And little cared that she
possessed no beauty;

She knew her Lady loved her

Because she did her
best,

And nothing matters if you
do your duty.

Bessie Hawkins.





MORE WONDERS.

A most wonderful age this is surely now,
Seeing horses are found who can drive a plough;
Why, next they'll be seen sitting up at tables
Eating cake, while children munch hay in stables !



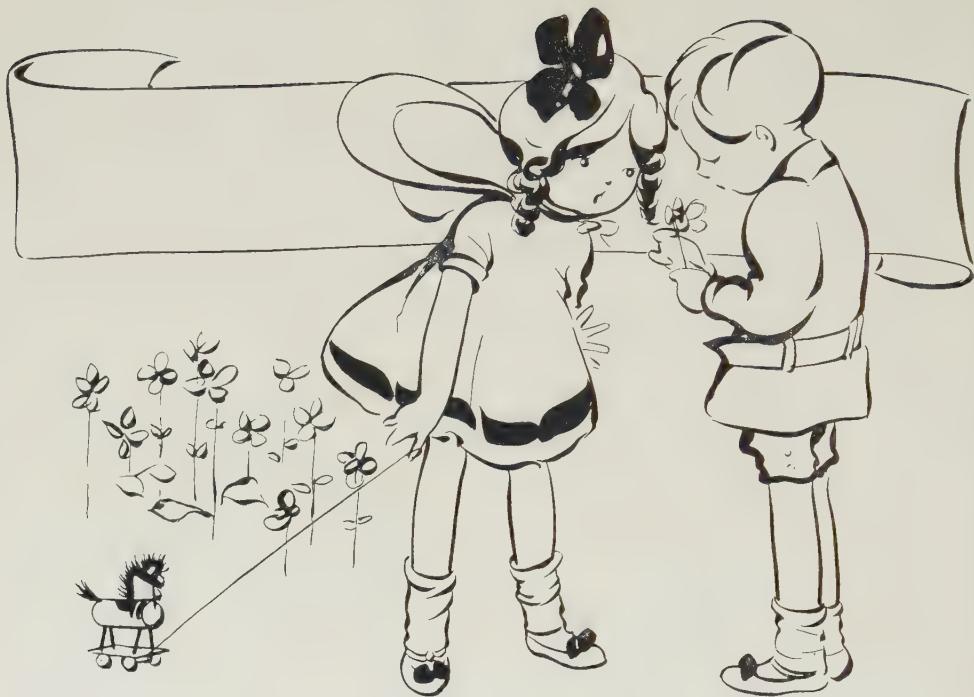
TIT-BITS.



THE BUTTERCUPS
MAKE BUTTER

A.L.Bowley-

No doubt these busy Buttercups intend
To give away their butter to a friend.



NATURE, THE ARTIST.

Dame Nature is an artist true,
Who ever rises with the sun;
For she has lots of work to do,
And, what is more, it's always done.
She sets to work at break of day—
It's Nature's way!

And then she paints the glowing dawn,
The fields, the meadows and the dales,
The birds and trees, the smooth green lawn,
The fleey clouds, the hills and vales,
And does not miss one drop of dew,
This artist true!

Nor does she pause until the sky
Is painted rosy in the west,
And little stars peep out on high—
The time when all things go to rest;
She paints the night, the darkness deep,
Then falls asleep!



But Nature never could forget
To put her paint-box in its place,
And NEVER sucks her brush; nor yet
Of upset water leaves a trace.
A happy state of things, admit!
Do think of it!

Constance M. Lowe.





BRIGHTEYES.

BRIGHTEYES lived in a hedge; yes, he did, in a nest all among the hawthorn. It was beautiful country where he lived, and he and the squirrel who lodged in the oak-tree were great friends. Brighteyes slept all the winter. He loved the sunshine and green trees and yellow primroses that grew in the copse beyond; but when the dull November days came, Brighteyes did not consider life worth living, so he used to say "Good-night" to Fluff, the squirrel, and with his toes tucked right up to his nose he used to curl himself up in his warm nest, made of grass and twigs, and go sound asleep until the Spring again. It was when he had gone to sleep for the winter, one crisp December day, that Father and I found him. Such a funny little ball of brown he was! And I took such a fancy to him that I brought him home to live with me. I bought him a lovely new cage,



like a squirrel's, only smaller, and I made him a bed as soft and cosy as his own, but when he opened his big black eyes again, it was on quite a different world.

Whatever he thought, he did not say much, for he was a mouse of few words. He only looked round him, rather timidly and very wonderingly, and then off he whirled and trotted round and round his cage as fast as his little feet would carry him. We soon became fast friends. Every day that it was fine he came out for a walk. He used to sit on my shoulder quite contentedly and never think of running away. He was far too gentlemanly to dream of suggesting in that way that he was tired of my company. Sometimes, when the constitutional struck him as tame, he would take a further excursion round my Leghorn hat, and would settle on the other shoulder for a change. And so the days sped on, and we all grew to love him very much, and he, in his turn, encouraged all our advances.

When the thought first came to him that his life was too mono-

tonous—when he first made up his mind to explore and see a little more of the big world outside—whether he wanted only just to pay a flying visit to his old haunts, or whether he got tired of us, and wanted to live in a bigger house like the castle on the hill, I don't know. Even Dormice, you know, have their ambitions, and like a great many people—both little and big—don't know when they are well off. Anyhow, one day he went a-wandering. With his sharp little teeth he gnawed a way out of his cage, and although we hunted high and low we could find no trace of him. The weeks passed on, and then one day our search ended.

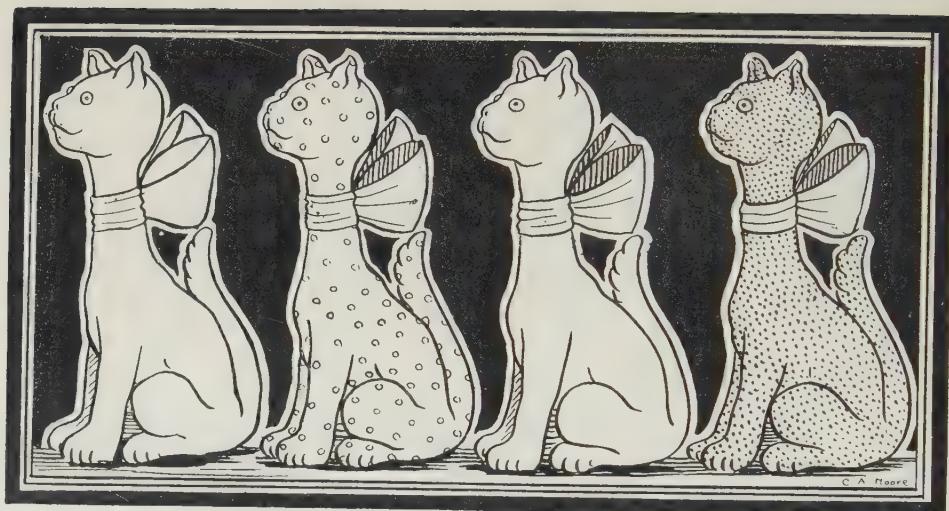
Where do you think we found the truant? In the holly hedge round the garden, in a brand new nest of his own making, with a Mrs. Brighteyes and a little family.

We knew him at once and he recognised us, but we could not be angry. He looked into our faces so pleadingly, as much as to say—

“ After all, dear friends, your new cage was nice, but a nest of hay in a holly hedge out in the open air is much nicer. Houses are all very well for people; to us they seem close and stuffy. We much prefer a home in the trees with only the blue sky above us.”

Mary Spicer.





THE SNOW-MAN.

Freddy met a Snow-Man and he said, "How do you do?"

But the Snow-Man somehow didn't seem to hear.

Thought Freddy, "O poor fellow, I expect he's getting old,

And is rather hard of hearing now, I fear!"

Then he shouted out quite loudly, "How do you do to-day?

Is it very cold to be all made of snow?"

As the Snow-Man still was silent, Freddy said, "It's very rude

Not to answer when you're spoken to, you know.

You never can have gone to school, for surely if you had,

They'd have taught you that you ought to be polite;

And if anyone should say to you, 'Good morning' or 'Good day,'

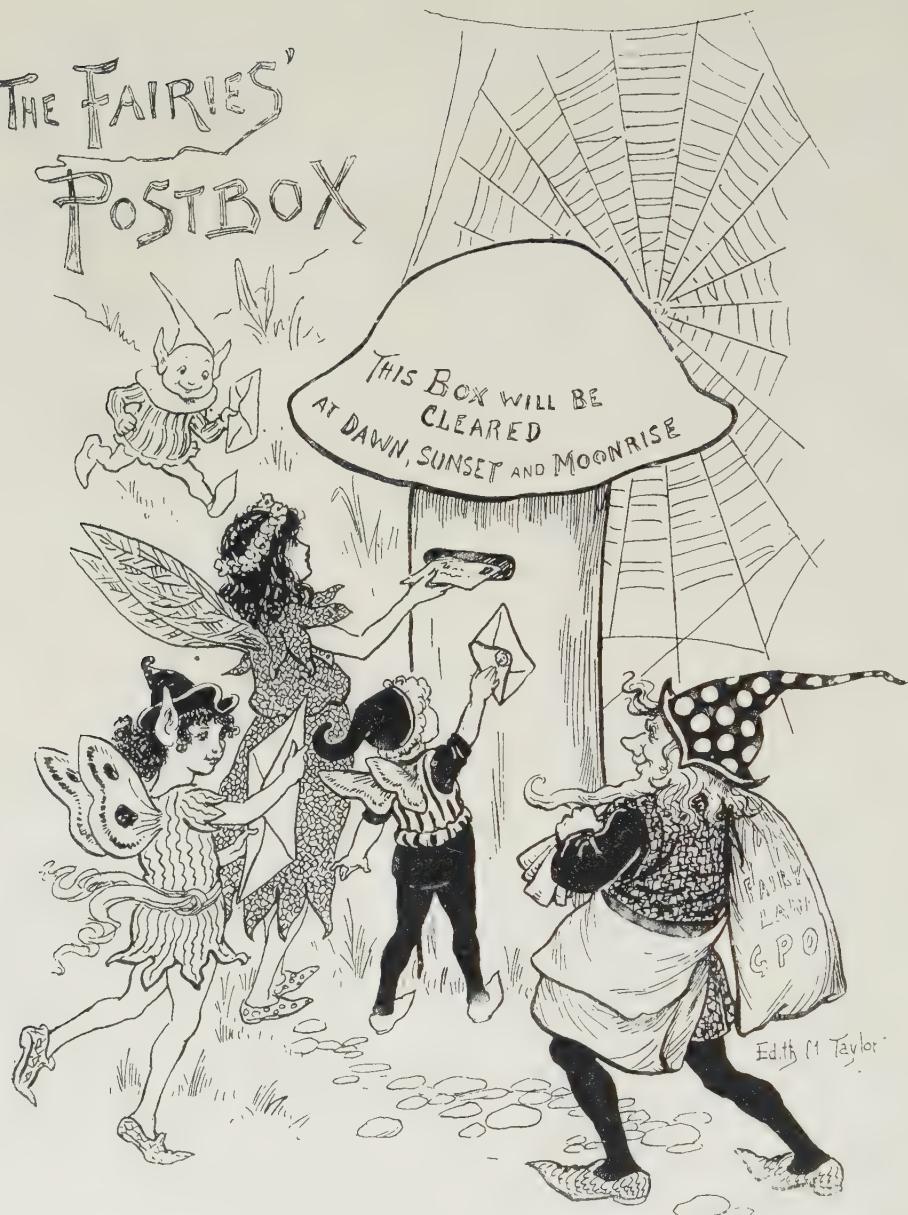
What ought you to say?" The Snow-Man said, "GOOD NIGHT!"

G. E. Shepheard.

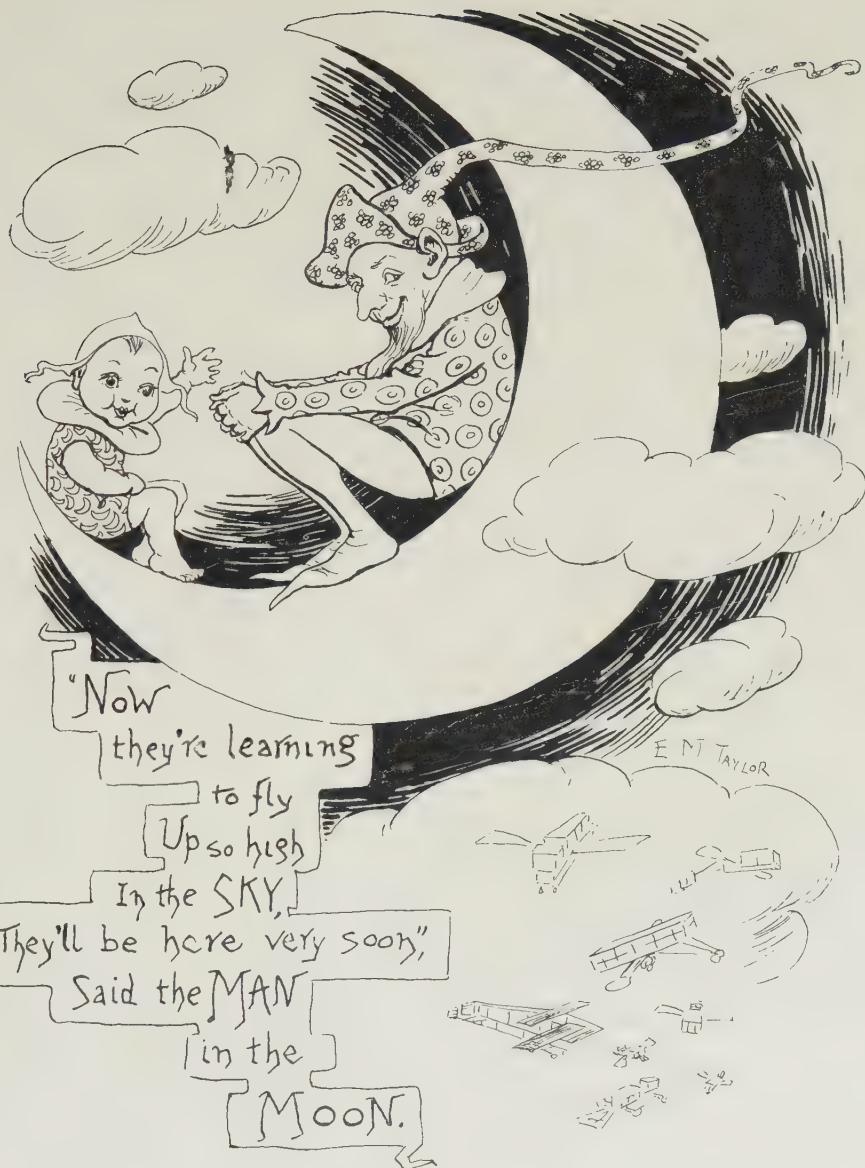


"Is it very cold to be all made of snow?"

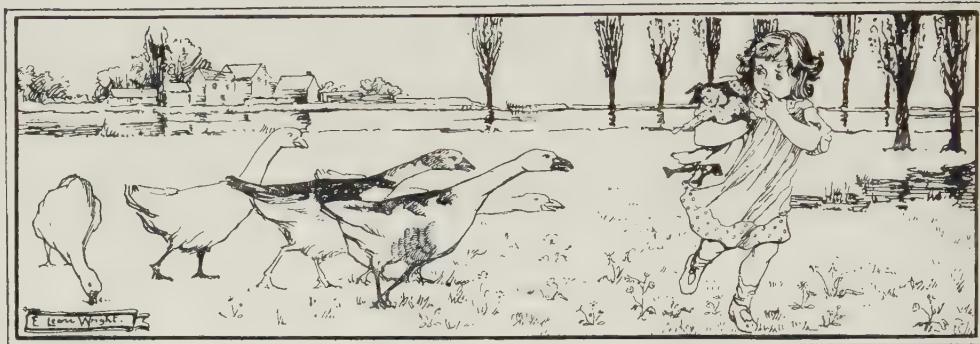
THE FAIRIES' POSTBOX



The Fairies are posting their letters, you see;
I wonder if there's one for you or for me!



Then good-bye to my peace, and farewell to my rest;
There'll be callers come calling—north, south, east and west.

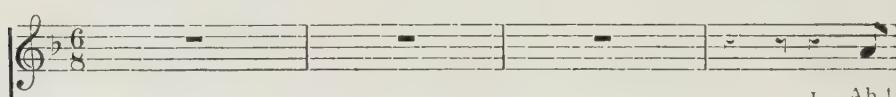


SEED TIME.

Words by EDITH PRINCE SNOWDEN.

Music by IVY ALEXANDER.

VOICE.



1. Ah !
2. Life's

PIANO.



no one can tell what a kind lit - tle deed, A kind lit - tle whis - per may
har - vest draws nigh, then the word or the deed, In beau - ty we scarce - ly may



do ;..... 'Twill grow in the heart, as a seed 'neath the earth, Aye,
 know,..... Will bear flow'rs of love that have sprung from the seed We

grow, dear, for me and for you. } sow'd in the days long a - go. } Sun-shine and sha - dow,



dark-ness and light, Soft rain and pure white snow,

Nurture the ground whe: the seedlings a-wake, While sea - sons come and go.





TO CURE HUNGER.

When you're hungry, quite the best

Cure for it let me suggest,

None I know can beat it:

Cut a nice large slice of bread,

Have some jam upon it spread,

Then sit down and—eat it!

Clifton Bingham.

TOO MUCH TO ENDURE.

The Owl imagined he could play—
At least, that's what he said.
His friend the Lyre Bird said, "Play on,"
As he his tail outspread.
The Owl played one bar only—now
Another friendship's dead!

C. B.





TOO LOUD!

The Ostrich made an Orchestra,
The kind one seldom sees.
Said he, "You do not often play
On side-drums such as these!"
The Turtles murmured, "Oh, not quite
So 'forte,' if you please!"

C. B.

SHADOWS.

Tim and Tab good-night have said;
Tim and Tab go off to bed,
See them going up the stairs;
See the candle, how it flares.

Big black shadows go up, too,
Copying everything they do;
Mother comes and takes the light;
Big black shadows vanish quite.

Grace C. Floyd.





If really it rained Cats and Dogs;
If they came pouring down;
How int'resting when days were wet
Would be our walk to Town!

E. Blomfield.



LITTLE MISS BLOSSOM.

LITTLE Miss Blossom swayed gently to and fro. She was closely wrapped up, with her cloak over her head, but she could feel the sun's warmth all the same.

"I am tired of being shut up!" she cried; "I think I shall come out. The Spring is here, and I am sure it is high time."

Miss Blossom had several sisters near her, and they all begged her not to be imprudent.

"It is too early, dear, yet; try and be patient," said the eldest.

"But I can feel the sun on my head," pouted Little Miss Blossom. "How foolish to waste the time! I want to see the beautiful world."

She was a vain little thing was Miss Blossom, and she wanted the beautiful world to see her pink and white frock.

Just then the Branch spoke, and what he said was this: "Your sisters are quite right. It is true that the cuckoo is calling; but one cuckoo does not make Spring. I am not at all sure that Mr. Frost has gone for good. He has a way of lurking round the corner, and coming back again; and if he catches you, you won't like his icy fingers, I can tell you, young lady."

Little Miss Blossom laughed gaily.

"Dear old Branch," she cried, "you are so fussy. I am sure Mr. Frost has gone; he could never bear this warm weather."

Then Mr. Wind, floating by, whispered into Little Miss Blossom's ear. He was not a person to be trusted; but she did not know that, unfortunately.

"Spring is here, little friend," murmured the Wind, "Why do you stay indoors? You ought to be enjoying the light and warmth, for youth is the time for happiness. Don't mind what others say; you have a right to think for yourself."

"Child, be prudent!" counselled the Branch in a warning voice; "at any rate, wait another day or two."

Little Miss Blossom hesitated, but Mr. Wind went on whispering compliments, and they turned her head. She called gaily to her sisters—

"My dears, you are too slow for me. I have made up my mind. I am coming out!" So saying, she threw off her winter coverings.

Oh, it was all charming at first! A sunbeam darted down and kissed her, while Mr. Wind hovered around, and told her she was the prettiest creature he had ever seen. The rogue said that to hundreds every year.

For a whole day she was as happy as a queen, and cried, "How silly of my sisters not to come out, too!"



But the next day the Sun stayed at home ; a cold breeze sprang up, and Little Miss Blossom longed in vain for the winter wraps she had so thoughtlessly discarded.

Then, suddenly, Mr. Frost, who *had* been lurking round the corner, gave her a cruel pinch. Her petals shrivelled up ; very soon she dropped to the ground. It was all over with poor Little Miss Blossom.

“I was afraid this would happen,” sighed the Branch; “but the foolish child *would* come out !”

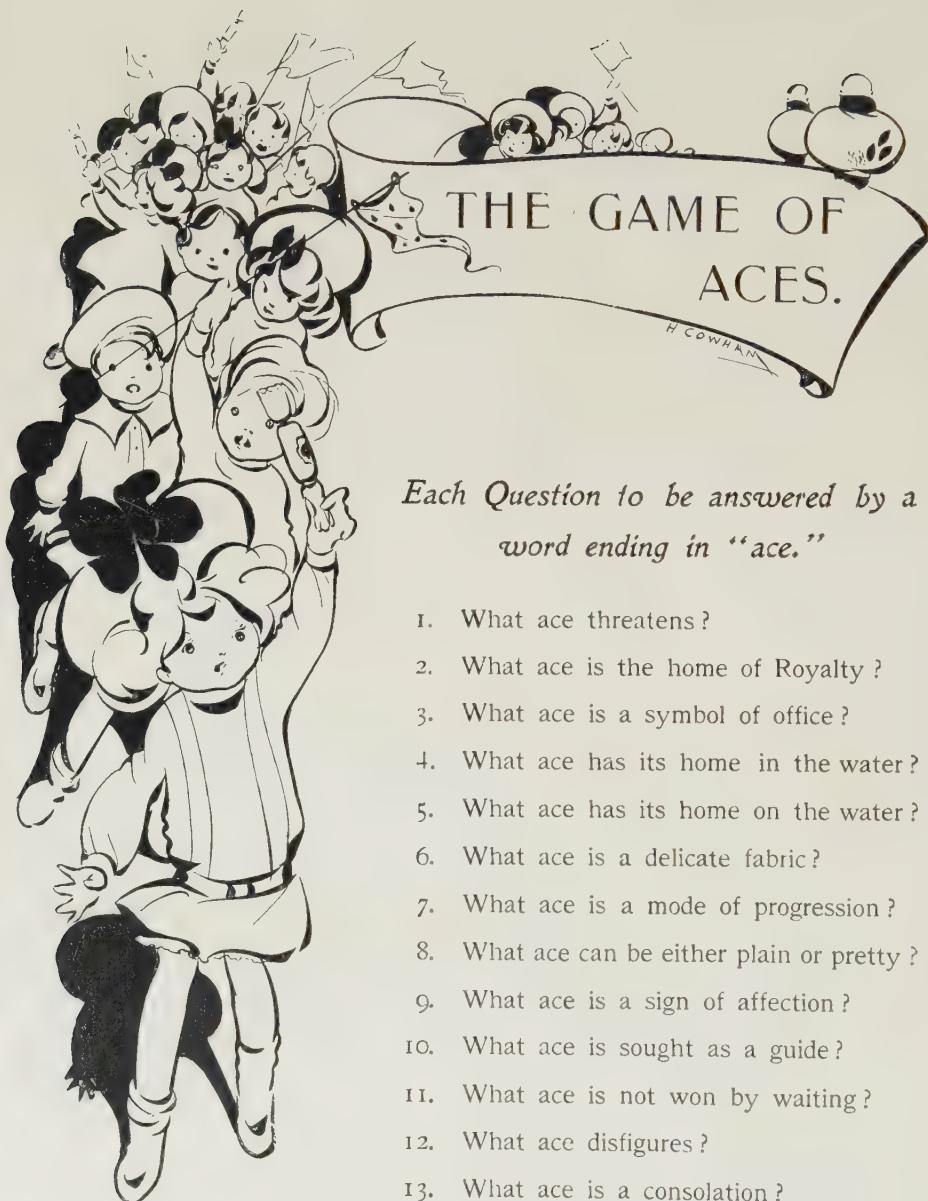
Sheila E. Braine.



THE LITTLE MERMAID



"A very convenient arrangement!" thinks Mr. Spiney. But Mr. Rabbit (who had not noticed Mr. Spiney beneath the tree) couldn't make out afterwards where all the apples had gone to.

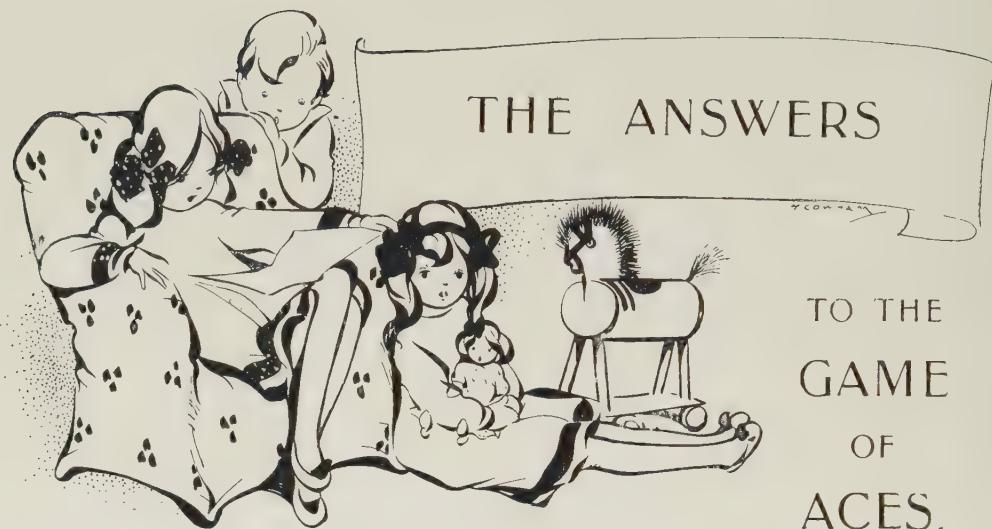


*Each Question to be answered by a
word ending in "ace."*

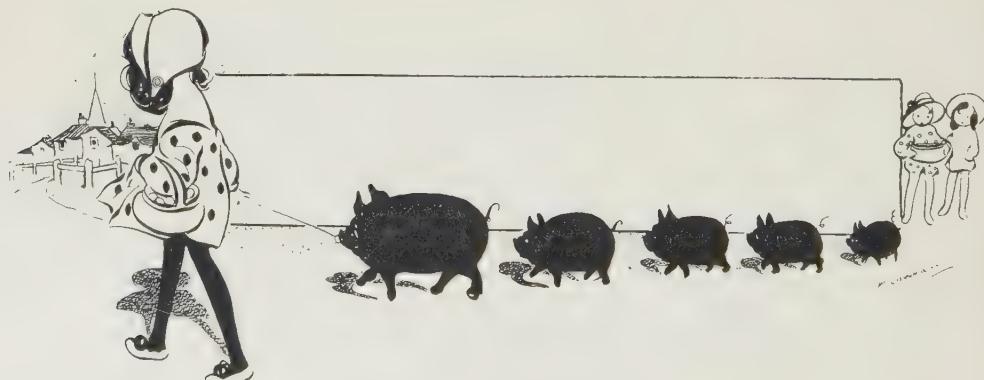
1. What ace threatens ?
2. What ace is the home of Royalty ?
3. What ace is a symbol of office ?
4. What ace has its home in the water ?
5. What ace has its home on the water ?
6. What ace is a delicate fabric ?
7. What ace is a mode of progression ?
8. What ace can be either plain or pretty ?
9. What ace is a sign of affection ?
10. What ace is sought as a guide ?
11. What ace is not won by waiting ?
12. What ace disfigures ?
13. What ace is a consolation ?

14. What ace is unlimited?
15. What ace invigorates?
16. What ace is shameful?
17. What ace is an introduction?
18. What ace is a particular spot?
19. What ace is hot?
20. What ace is a virtue?
21. What ace is a raised walk?
22. What ace is at the top?
23. What ace makes a country prosper?
24. What ace is always ugly?





1. Menace.	9. Embrace.	17. Preface.
2. Palace.	10. Trace.	18. Place.
3. Mace.	11. Race.	19. Furnace.
4. Dace.	12. Deface.	20. Grace.
5. Pinnace.	13. Solace.	21. Terrace.
6. Lace.	14. Space.	22. Surface.
7. Pace.	15. Brace.	23. Peace.
8. Face.	16. Disgrace.	24. Grimace.





COWSLIPS.

BESSIE at the White House was indeed a very lonely little girl.

She had no Mother, and Father was away all day long. He went up to the City, starting so early that he had only time to give his little girl a kiss between his breakfast and train, and he never came home until she was fast asleep.

Mrs. Grumps, the housekeeper, was supposed to be an excellent person. She saw that the house was kept like a "new pin," as she expressed it, and she gave Bessie good, wholesome food; but oh, dear! she never gave her the smiles and kisses and merry words for which the little heart was pining, for Mrs. Grumps was very prim and severe.



Bessie was seven years old ; she was to have a governess very soon, so Father had told anyone who questioned him about it—just as soon as he had time to look around. But the months went by so fast, and he had no idea that his little daughter was not perfectly happy ; and was not Mrs. Grumps teaching her to read ?

But learning to read from a soberly-covered book, with no pictures, *and* a Mrs. Grumps, was very dull work, and the rest of the day Bessie was left to play by herself, except that at certain regular times she had her hands and face scrubbed, whether they were dirty or no ; and certainly she never got happily grubby—for what was the fun all by herself ?

What Bessie liked best, in fine weather, was to stand at the garden gate and gaze across the road upon the green fields, and watch the cows and sheep grazing, and the crows flying and hopping about. Oh, how she longed to run in those fields—although the cows were rather alarming ! But Mrs. Grumps, who had always lived in a town until she had come to the village with Bessie two months ago, had an

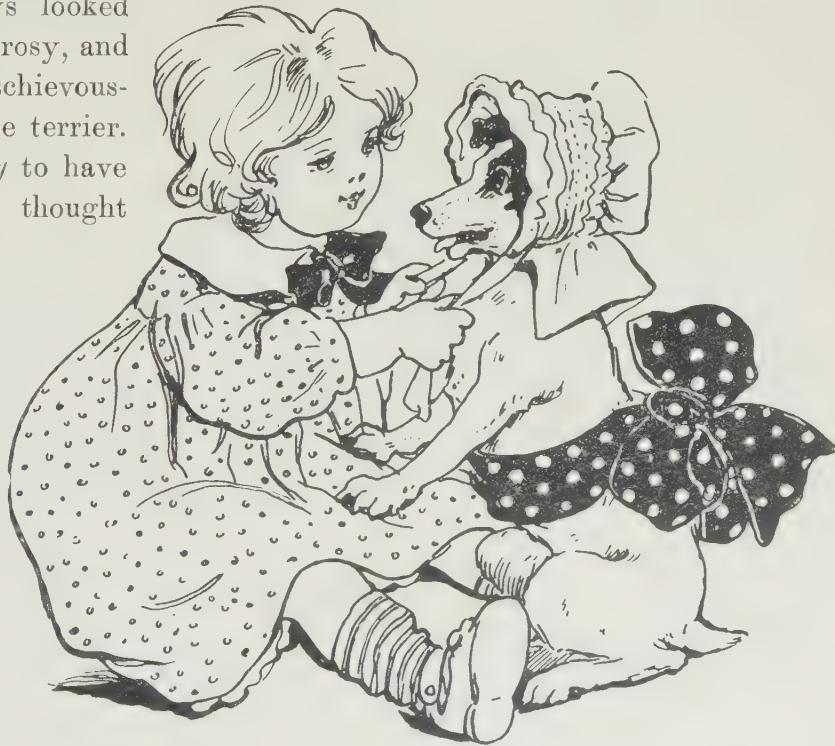
idea that grass was always damp; that all cows were mad bulls; and that even the mild, timid-looking sheep were not altogether safe. So every day she took Bessie along the dusty road as far as a certain mile-stone; just a straight, narrow road, with mostly high garden walls on either side. How Bessie hated those walks!

In the village, close by the square-towered church that Bessie could see across the fields, stood the house where lived Dolly, Bobby and Trot, just three of the happiest little beings in the world.

Bessie noticed them sometimes playing in their garden, and sometimes, too, on a Sunday, when she walked along the road to the square-towered church, she would see them coming out of their garden gate with their mother and father, but Trot was not with them then.

Of course, Bessie did not know their names; she only knew where they lived, and that they always looked merry and rosy, and had a mischievous-looking little terrier. "How *lovely* to have a dog!" thought Bessie.

Then, one day, she could really stand it no longer; her garden was *so* lonely, the field opposite looked *so* green, the cows were



nowhere to be seen, and Bessie was quite sure, in spite of Mrs. Grumps, that the grass wasn't damp, and that the sheep were quite safe.

With her little heart beating twenty to the dozen she ran across the road and managed to squeeze herself through the bars of the big wooden meadow gate. She had just had her "wash and brush up," so she knew nobody would be calling her for at least an hour; and here she was in the lovely, LOVELY, LOVELY green meadow, with cowslips; yes, she was sure they were cowslips, growing here and there a little farther off.

Here a cowslip, there a cowslip, a little farther off more cowslips, and Bessie wandered on and on. It was really not far, but a little girl of seven in a big meadow looks very small, and when Bessie presently thought about it, she felt how very big the world was, and felt, too, a little bit scared.

But just a little further on, close to the corner of the field, where the grass looked thicker and greener than ever, were more cowslips, with even yellower heads and fatter stalks than the others she had already picked. She must just get those, and then she would go back to the lonely garden and Mrs. Grumps.



She was stooping down picking the very, very last, when "Moo-oo-oo!" she heard, and there, close by, standing under a tree, were cows—more cows than she could count—not that she tried to count them then, and they were all facing her way, staring hard, and two of



the very biggest were stretching out their heads towards her, and moo-oo-ing terribly.

Bessie, grasping her cowslips, would have turned and fled, but the thought of those cows coming behind her was too fearful, so she stepped backwards quickly, a little distance, through that high green grass, but in a moment it gave way beneath her feet, and she trod splash, splash, up to her knees in the cows' drinking pond, which, unnoticed by her, occupied that corner of the meadow.

Poor little girl! What a terrible plight! Big, fierce-looking beasts before, and not too clean, wet, wet water behind!

But, happily, help was at hand, and in no other form than Dolly, Bobby and Trot, for only a hedge was between their garden and the meadow, and they had been peeping through a hole in the hedge watching the little girl from the White House. They knew her by sight, and were much surprised to see her out all alone.

That morning the three had decided to make cowslip balls, and

had begged some string of mother, three pieces, because, although Trot could not make a ball, and would bite it up if he had one, he was to have a wreath of cowslips for his neck.

They could, of course, have gone through the garden gate and over the stile into the cowslip field, but it was so much nicer to creep through a hole in the hedge, and they were just going to do so when Bessie came into sight. Trot had to be held by the collar, or he would have gone through without waiting.

And they saw how the end of Bessie's cowslip gathering was the pond!

Dolly and Bobby had never for a moment imagined anybody would be afraid of those cows. Why, they were their good old friends who gave the milk that every morning was brought to them from the farm, and they all had their names, and knew Dolly and Bobby quite well! They knew Trot, too, and what to expect from him, and they





A DOG-DAY.

O what an adventure to put into verse!
The dog runs from them; they have run from the Nurse.
What frantic exertions they're making to bring
That puppy-dog back at the end of his string!

They have caught him at last, so no longer he'll roam;
And the Nurse and the children and dog return home.



R.M.H.



THE KINDLY LOBSTER.

I.

Two children sat alone
Upon the shining sands,
When suddenly they whispered "Hush!"
And pressed each other's hands.

II.

For round the sunlit rock
A lobster came, pell-mell;
Then handed each, without a word,
A pretty oyster shell.

III

It hurried off again,

But soon came scrambling back,
And handed them with many a bow,
A dish of winkles black.

IV.

“Oh, thank you, sir!” said Gert;

“Oh, thank you, sir!” said Pete;
“We’re sure it’s very kind of you
To give us such a treat.”



V.

“Don’t mention it, my dears!”

The kindly lobster said;

“I only wish I could provide

Some butter, salt, and bread.”



VI.

The children had their feast,

And when they went away,

They said they hoped that they would meet

Their friend another day.

W. Foyster



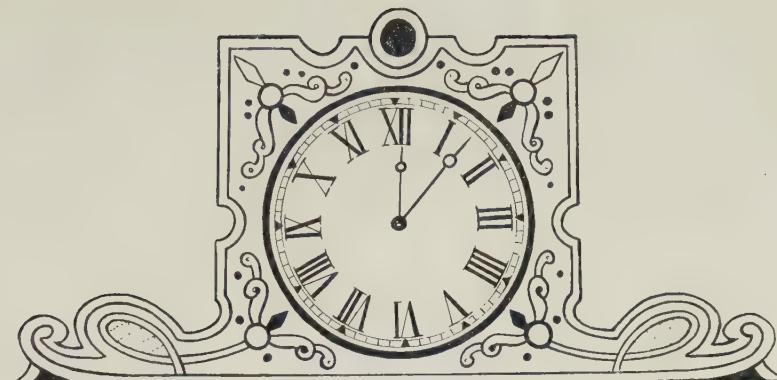
HER FIRST CAKE.

*'Tis Mother's birthday ; Molly says she'll make,
All by herself, dear Mother's Birthday Cake !*



THE WONDERFUL CLOCK.

Tick-tock! tick-tock! see this wonderful clock in a tree;
If you find it you'll know the time home to go to tea!



THE DOLLIES' CLOCK.

E C Hargrove.

Each hour has its tale to tell,
So come and learn your lesson well !



When the clock strikes one,
Dinner-time has come.



When the clock strikes two,
I've done, Nurse, have you ?

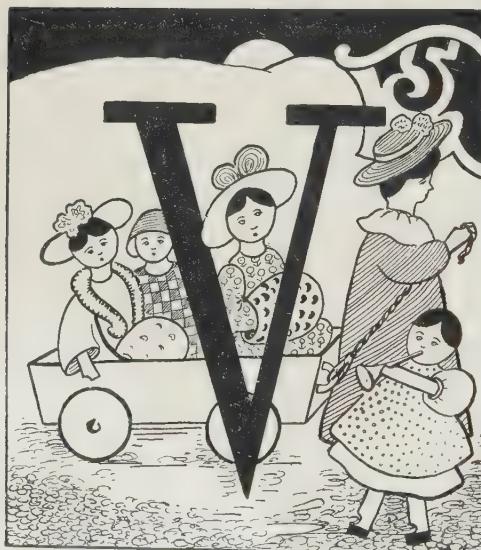
THE DOLLIES' CLOCK.



When the clock strikes three,
It is lesson-time for me.



When the clock strikes four,
Open wide the door.



When the clock strikes five,
We go for a drive.



When the clock strikes six,
Put away the bricks.



PLAYMATES.



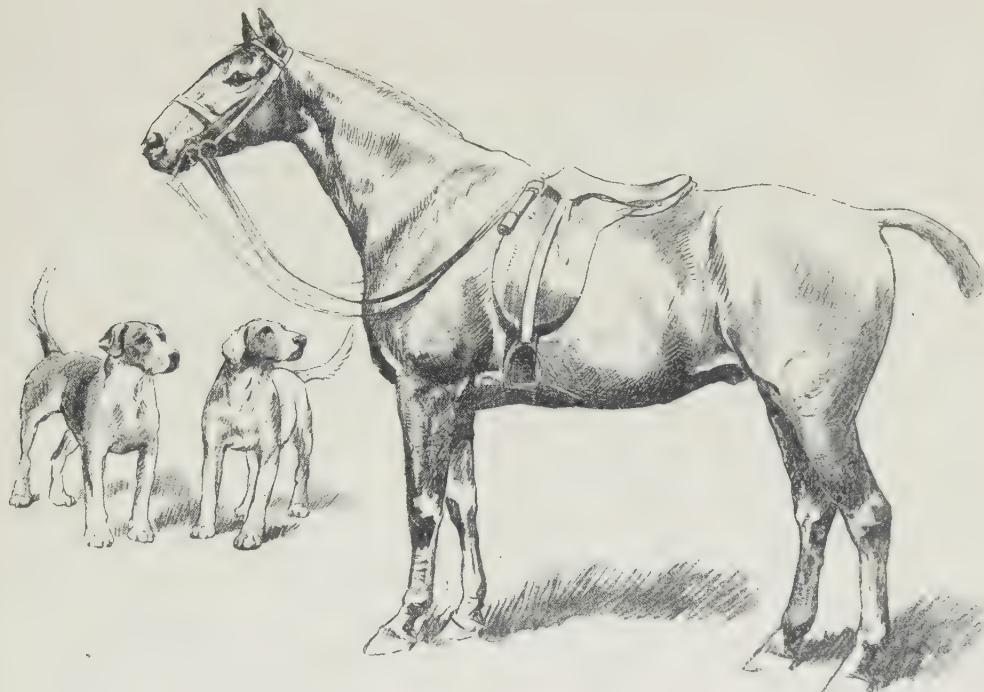
These Ladybirds expect us to admire
(And so we do!) their beautiful attire.



TRUE FRIENDS.

PATIENT, good-tempered, obedient and willing, the farmer's horse is all this and more. He is a powerful creature, and it is difficult to imagine how we could have done without him. Here are a pair of horses pulling the plough ; they are beautiful animals, well fed and in perfect condition. They will work on the heavy ground for the best part of the day, preparing the soil that is to receive the seed that in the Autumn will be waving, golden corn which in the end will give us bread. They use a steam plough to till the fields in some places, but I am sure, when you go to the country, you prefer to see the handsome horses doing this work.

The Hunter is another noble animal ; he has more spirit, perhaps, than the horse for the plough, but his work is of a different order. He has to follow the hounds at a rapid pace, and has to jump hedges and ditches with the huntsman on his back. The Hunter enjoys the sport, for he is as keen as the dogs and the man who rides him, and, like all animals that are treated with kindness, has a great affection for his master. Horses indeed can be called our true friends.

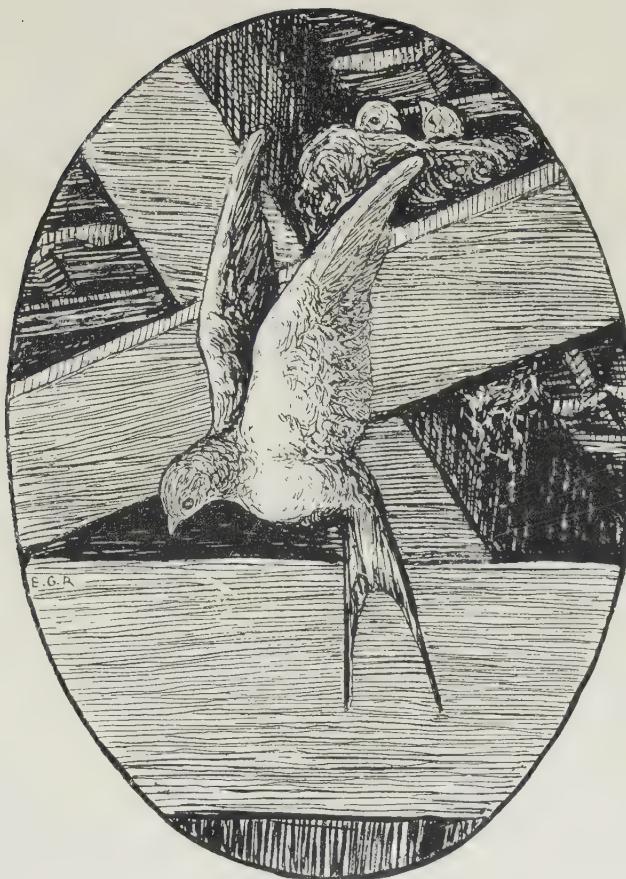




A SWALLOW rose early one bright summer's day,
And flew over the hill-tops and far away,
As a Skylark was singing its morning song,
So the Swallow looked up as it sped along.
Enchanted, it listened at first with delight,
While the Lark gaily trill'd at its lofty height,
And, flapping his wings, thought, with envious glee,
"Though the Skylark sings well, it can't fly like me !
Twee, twee, twee, twee, twee, twee, twee !
Though the Skylark sings well, he can't fly like me !"

The Swallow was very ambitious to sing,
And wished like the Lark he could make the air ring ;
But to trill and to warble in vain he tried,
Which wounded his feelings and injured his pride.





So the Skylark he thought he would interview,
And said, "I have not much opinion of you;
For, though you can sing in a very high key,
You have not the courage to fly 'cross the sea!"

Twee, twee, twee, twee, twee, twee, twee!
You have not the courage to fly 'cross the sea!"

In turn the Lark's vanity also was hurt,
And he thought the young Swallow conceited and pert,
And said, "To your challenge I will not say nay,
So off we will start—one, two, three and away!"
Soon the Swallow was seized with a bad sore throat,
And the Lark perched for life on a sailing boat;
And both much regretted ambition's tall flight,
For neither could find leafy lodgings that night!

"Twee, twee, twee, twee, twee, twee, twee!"
Thus they found out 'tis better in life to agree,
And, vanquishing envy, contented to be;
Use the good gifts of nature in which you excel,
And don't attempt more than you're thought to do well!

Knight Summers.





Nothing is right, and everything's wrong,
And she feels as cross as the hours are long.

G. C. F.



STRANGE DOINGS IN ZOO TOWN.

SPECIAL REPORT.

The "Zoo Town Daily
Times" says:

"We much regret to
state

Strange things have
been occurring
In Zoo Town just of
late.

Sir Ponto, so well
known as
A dog of solemn
mien,

All day and night is dancing,
Since to a ball he's been.

The doctors cannot cure him;
They don't know what to do;
It causes much sensation
And sorrow in the Zoo.

The next news is that Tiger,
Although he cannot play,
Has bought himself a cornet,
And practises all day.

A very poor musician;
His neighbours all object;
They'll shortly take strong measures
To cure him, we expect!

We must not state at present
What kind of cure 'twill be;
For news of both sad cases,
Our next edition see."

Clifton Bingham.





ALTHOUGH I'm sorry when it's time to go
to bed at night,

I never feel a bit afraid when Nurse puts out the
light;

For, even if it seems as dark as ever it can be,
I'm sure to have a little star to
keep me company.

I pull the curtain back, and, as I
lie there in my bed,

I can see it twinkle, twinkle, in
the sky above my head;

And, p'raps, you mayn't
believe it, but I'm just
as sure as sure

That, when it sees me kiss my
hand, it twinkles all the more.

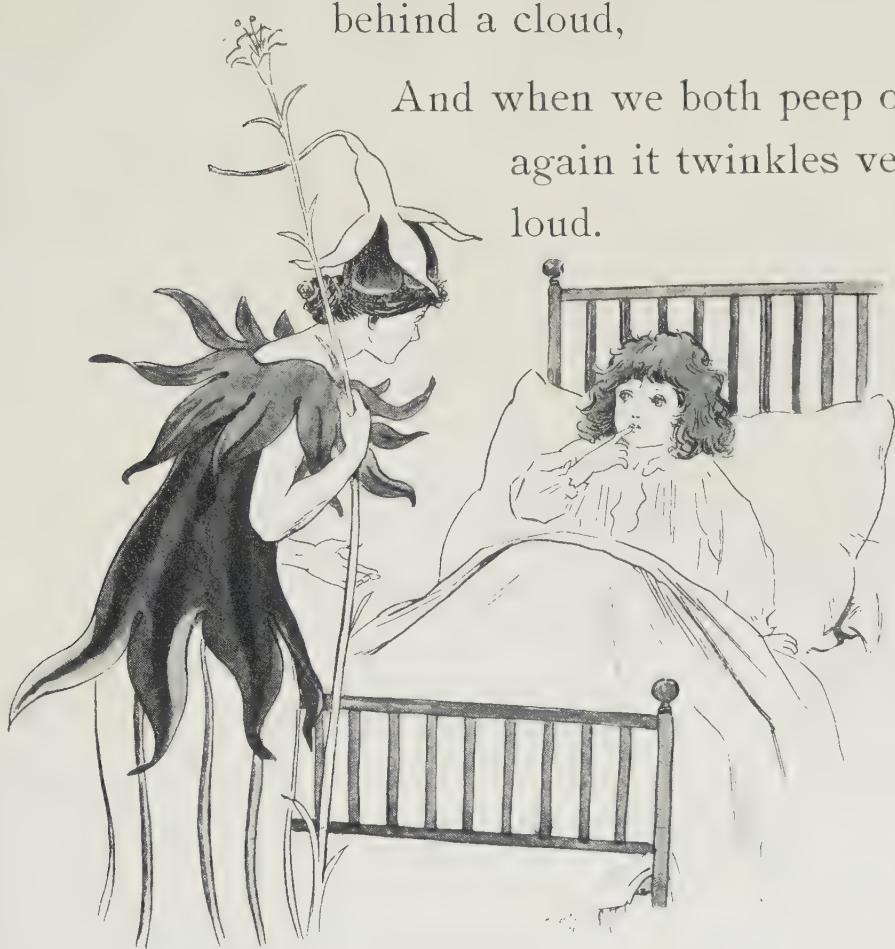


Although I s'pose it's too far off to hear me
when I speak,

We very often have a little game at hide and
seek;

I hide beneath the bed-clothes, and it hides
behind a cloud,

And when we both peep out
again it twinkles very
loud.

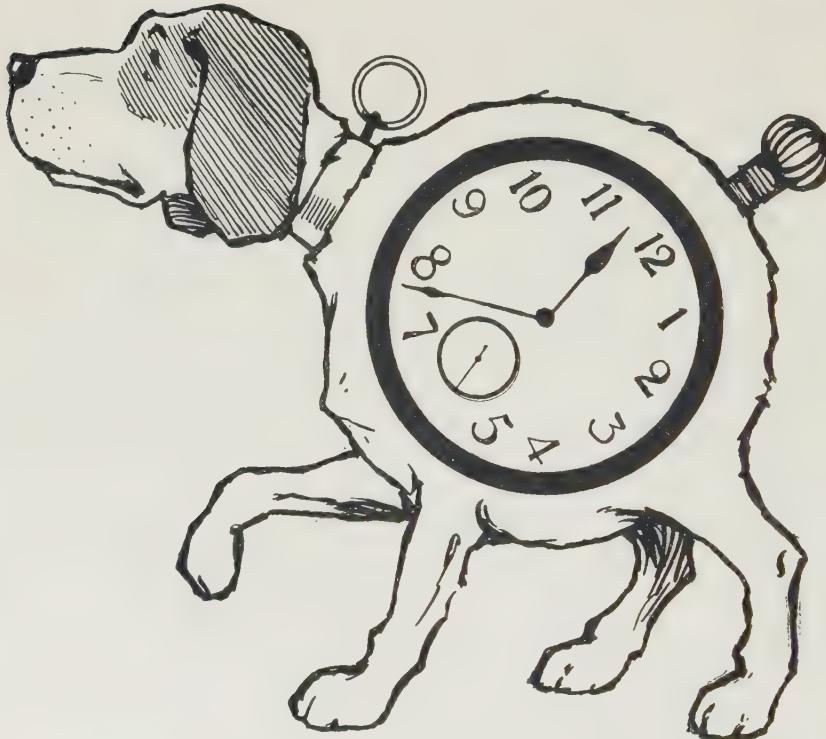


One night I saw a star fall out of bed—oh,
such a way!

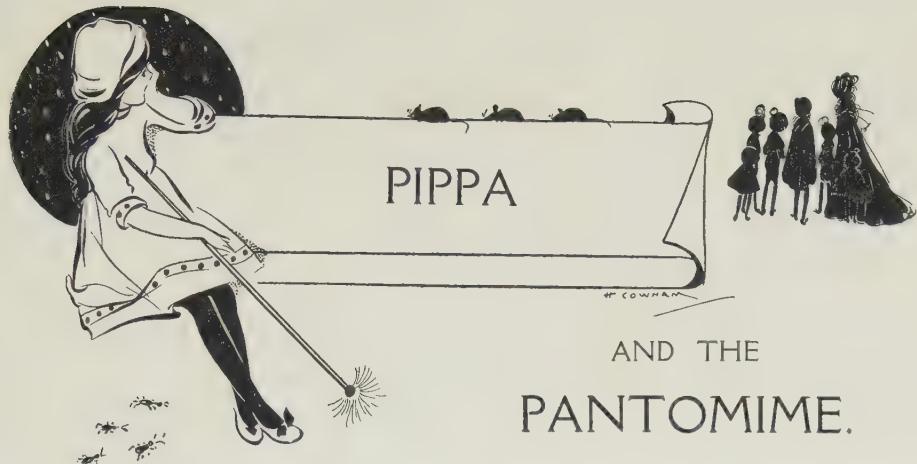
It may have been by accident, it may have
been in play—

But, anyhow, I felt as glad as ever I could be
That it was not the twinkly one that always
laughs at me.

Adri Leonora Harris.



THE WATCH DOG.



AND THE
PANTOMIME.

PIPPA was a sort of Cinderella at home. A sort of Cinderella, I say, but it was not quite so bad as in the real story.

Pippa was not ill treated. She had just the same as the other children in the matter of food and dresses; not many of the latter certainly, for Pippa's parents were by no means well off. But Pippa was a useful child, and a willing one, and so the others took advantage of her. Although only ten years of age, it was "Pippa, sew this button on"; or, "Pippa, mend this patch"; or, "Pippa, fetch me my hat down"; or, "Pippa, go and peel the potatoes." Besides all this, Pippa did a deal of washing-up and scrubbing, too, as well as making beds. The three boys could hardly be expected to do this, and they were away at school all day, and Mother had to look after the two smaller children; while Bella, the eldest girl, was studying music and drawing.

So this is how Pippa was a sort of Cinderella. She never complained, although it was weary work, and the getting up in the cold, dark, winter's mornings to light fires was really dreadful. Sometimes, before anybody was down, when she was all alone with the black beetles and mice, Pippa shed a few tears, but she was too proud

to let the others know it ; she would have endured anything sooner than that.

Now last Christmas—and they all had had a merry one, including Pippa—Uncle Tom sent them some tickets for the Pantomime ; seven tickets for very good seats. Fancy, seven tickets for the Pantomime, and not one of the children had ever been to one in their lives ! Seven tickets !

Mamma certainly had to go, for she could not trust the children alone. Papa was in the country on business, so he didn't count ; indeed, Papa did not always count when he *was* at home. Naturally, Bella must go, as she was the eldest ; and the two youngest,

for Pantomimes were really made for small children ; and of course the three boys, who worked so hard at school, must have their reward, and it would be unfair to leave out one of the three.

So that made up the seven tickets. Pippa listened, and it did not take many seconds for her to understand her fate. She was used to it ; but this—this was a Pantomime ! A little lump came in her throat as she hurried out of the room to be alone.

“ Poor Pippa ! ” said her mother ; “ we must make it up to her next time. I do wish your Uncle Tom had sent another ticket, for we cannot afford to buy one.”

Well, the children were dressed in their best, and a cab was called, and they all squeezed in.

“ Good-bye, Pippa, dear ! ” called the mother to her daughter on the doorstep ; “ put the chain on the door, and do not open it until you



have seen who it is, if any one calls. And, Pippa, mind you have a good supper."

"And get ours ready," shouted Bella and the three boys, and the cab drove off.

Pippa shut the door and put the chain up. She was alone with the black beetles and the mice—a little Cinderella without a Fairy Godmother.

Her heart was heavy, but she did not cry; indeed, she did a little whistle as she went down the kitchen stairs to wash up the tea-things. The whistle, however, was sadly out of tune.

Now, no sooner had she put the tea cups into the hot water, than there came a loud and long double knock at the street door. Pippa jumped and let a cup fall and break. She knew the knock well. No one but her Uncle Tom, that very light-hearted young man, could ever knock like that.

While she was thinking this the knock came again, only louder and longer, with a little flourish at the end. Pippa ran upstairs, and opened the door with the chain up, as she had been told to do.



PIPPA AND THE PANTOMIME.



Pippa hung her head, but said nothing. "Been naughty?" asked her Uncle.

"Oh, no, Uncle Tom!"

He ran his fingers through her curly hair.

"Hulloa, Pippa!" exclaimed her Uncle.

"Hulloa, Uncle Tom!" and she let him in.

"Where's your mother, and the rest?" he asked.

"Gone to the Pantomime," Pippa answered.

"Already!" he said, in astonishment, as he looked at his watch, "why, they will be miles too early! I thought it better for me to call and take them. But, Pippa, what are you doing here? Why didn't you go, too?"

“Then why, Pippa, dear?”

“There were not enough tickets, Uncle Tom.”

The young man started.

“Idiot that I am!” he cried. “Of course, I only sent seven; and so you are left at home, Pippa, dear. Do you care for Pantomimes?”

“I have never seen one, Uncle Tom.”

“Dear me! and I have to see it every night.” Uncle Tom had something to do with the theatre, you must understand.

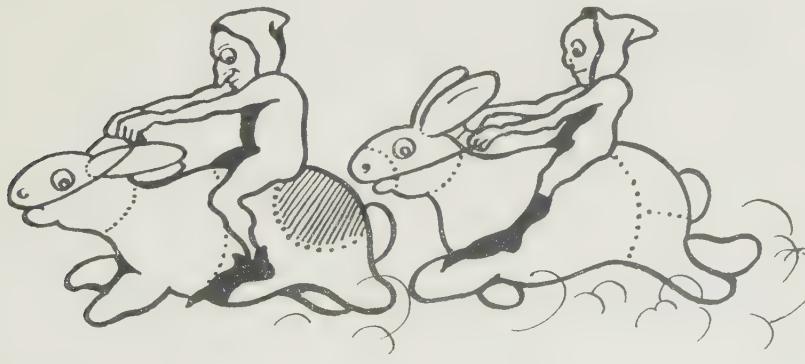
“Pippa, put your hat and coat on, and bring the latch key,” said Uncle Tom; “you shall see the Pantomime with me.” Then suddenly he burst out laughing—a loud and merry laugh—first cousin to his knock at the door.

“I have an idea, it will be grand; the greatest lark in the world!” he said to himself, again going off into a fit of laughter.

In another five minutes uncle and niece were driving to the theatre.

II.

Pippa’s mother and brothers and sisters thoroughly enjoyed the marvels of the Pantomime. The children had never seen anything like it in their wildest dreams—they had never imagined anything so





wonderful. It was "Little Red Riding Hood." The wolf was superb, the way he ate up the grandmother was delicious, and then he put on her night-gown and night-cap and got into bed. More wonderful, however, when the wolf was killed, and the grandmother was found inside him alive and well.

Then came the Transformation Scene, and after that the Harlequinade. Here was the Clown, Pantaloons, Policeman, Harlequin and Columbine, the red-hot poker, and the crowd of people.

Suddenly Pippa's mother and her brothers and sisters started and stared and sat as if turned to stone. Then they rubbed their eyes and stared again. Was it a dream? The beauties and wonders of the Pantomime were forgotten, for there before them on the stage, in the front of the crowd, was their Pippa! Actually their Pippa! Dressed as they had left her at home, except that she wore her hat and coat. There she was, holding an elderly gentleman by the hand, and smiling and talking to him.

The family was speechless, except one, and that was the youngest.

"It's our Pippa!" he screamed, in his shrill voice. Everybody said "Hush!" but Pippa had heard him, and looked round and smiled. There was really no mistake about it.

Now, this had been Uncle Tom's joke, and a very good joke, too; but it was not quite over yet. As soon as the crowd came off the stage he bundled his niece into a cab, and, telling the man to drive as quickly as possible, off they went for home.

"I have a hamper here, Pippa," he said. "There's a cold turkey





mother and an excited family ran up the steps. They stared at Pippa, pinched her gently, as if she had been some rare creature.

They all went into the dining room, and there was the supper, and there was Uncle Tom trying to pretend that nothing had happened.

But he did it very badly. He grinned at first, and then burst into a roar of laughter, and through his laughter he explained his joke.

“I never had such a shock in all my life!” said the mother.

“And I thought I should have had a fit as I watched your face and those of the children,” exclaimed Uncle Tom, shrieking with laughter again at the recollection.

in it, and a tongue, and a plum pudding and a cake, and some fruit and other things. We shall be home quite half-an-hour before them. We will lay the table, get everything ready, and then pretend nothing has happened.”

This is exactly what they did; and as the last thing was put on the table in readiness for supper the cab drove up, and Pippa opened the street door. An excited

"But come," he said cheerily, "laughter makes me hungry; let us make a hole in the turkey."

So they sat down to the table, Pippa in the place of honour at her Uncle's right hand.

Edric Vredenburg.





ON THE TRAMP.

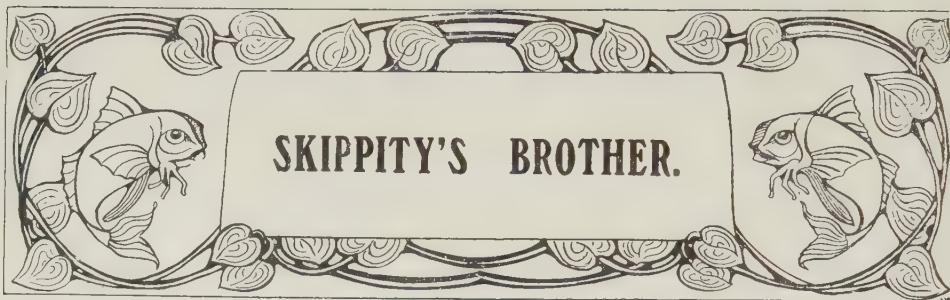
I'm on the tramp to London town;
I've still ten miles to trot;
I'm wearing to a skeleton,
But not a bone I've got.

H. M. Burnside.



HOW TO TELL.

“All hot! All hot!” the Pieman cried;
Said Mr. Porker, “What’s inside?”
“Ah! that,” said Fox, “I cannot say;
I know they’re all fresh made to-day.
If you’d find out, I’ll tell you how—
See if it mews, or says ‘Bow-wow!’”



They couldn't get Browniekin Hopit to rise;
He would sleep for twelve hours at a stretch;
So his sly brother Skippity planned a surprise,
But you'd better, please, look at the sketch.

He took a long grass, and a spider took he,
And he fastened the one to the other—
But you'd better just look at the sketch, and you'll see
What sly Skippity did to his brother !

Felix Leigh.



POPPY BED-TIME.

When Bix the Brownie
slumbers

There isn't any
fuss;

He hasn't to have bed-
clothes

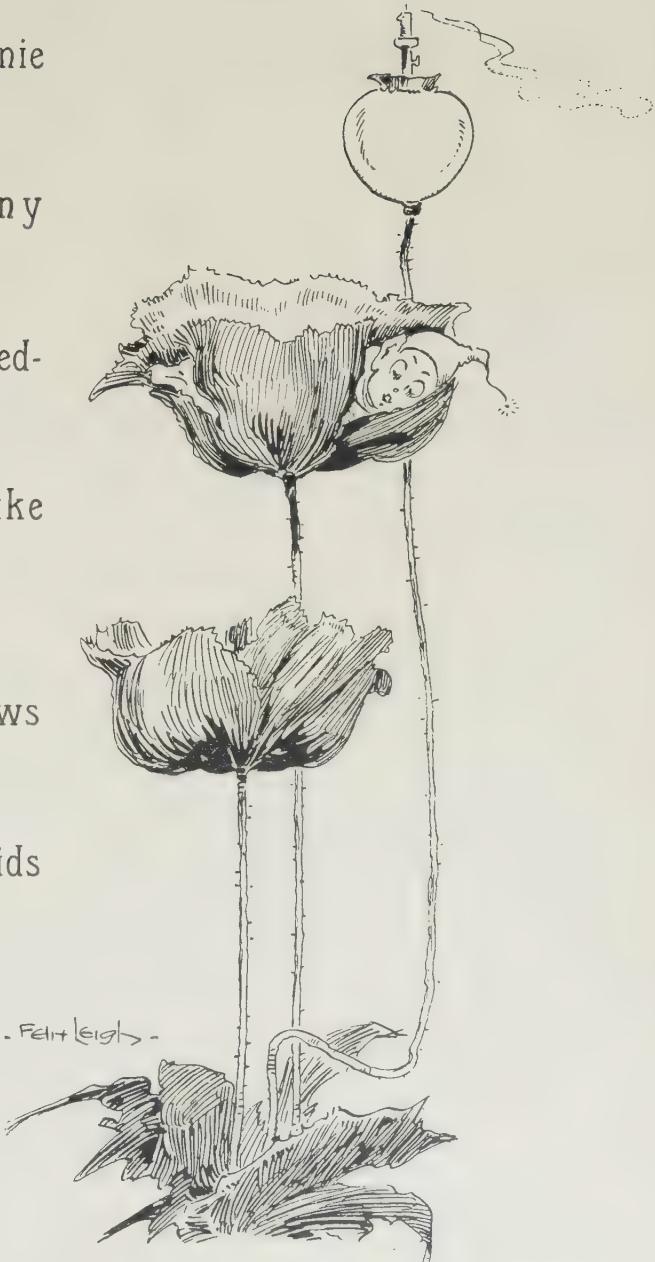
And mattresses, like
us.

When Bix's head grows
heavy,

And Bix's eyelids
close,

He pops into a Felt+Leigh -
poppy,

And off to sleep
he goes !





THE SUN'S WORK.

"I've made a resolution," said the Sun, one April morning,

As, shaking off the blanket clouds, he struck the light of dawn;

"I will not stop so long in bed, but, idle habits scorning,

I'll rise each morning earlier, till June is nearly gone.

"I've many things to see to, and they must not be neglected;

For instance, all those blue-bells where the woodland mosses grow;

Ten thousand sprays of hawthorn to be carefully inspected,

And I must sweep from shady nooks the lurking wreaths of snow.

"The world is so untidy, it wants dusting up and sweeping;
It's clear that early rising is the thing that must be done;
So never more (till winter comes) will I be caught a-sleeping
A minute longer than I ought," exclaimed the April Sun.



THE SUN'S WORK.

The work got harder day by day ; the eastern sky was shining
A little sooner every dawn till June was near its close ;
While in the West at eventide, the golden Sun declining
Would linger late on garden flowers that clustered round the rose.

Then when the wondrous work was done, the need for early rising
Of course grew less and less each day ; and maybe that is why
We cannot, in December days, consider it surprising
The Sun just blinks above the hills : "Good morning!" and
"Good-bye!"

John Lea.





If marigolds were eggs on toast,
And roses cups of coffee;
If leaves were sausage rolls and puffs,
If grass were sticks of toffee,
If puddings grew like cabbages,
And lilies filled with cream,
Oh, wouldn't our back-garden just
Be lovely as a dream?

Elsie Blomfield.



A TALL VISITOR.

Such a very long neck this Giraffe has, you see,
He can talk to his friends at the top of the tree.



THE FIRE ESCAPE.

Those odd birds and elephants! really I never
Supposed they could be so remarkably clever!



“I WISH you a happy Christmas—yes, a real happy Christmas,” said Mr. Cock-Sparrow as he hopped about in the newly-fallen snow and shook out his feathers to keep himself warm. Then, flying up to the window-sill, he peeped into the dining-room of the Manor House. “How lovely it is inside there! and what a lot of good things those children have! Pudding, and crackers, and toys, and heaps and heaps of other things. I wonder what they will do with them, and why they want so much?” Just then, a merry round face with laughing eyes came up at the window to look at Mr. Cock-Sparrow. He was just going to say, “A merry Christmas!” but Mr. Cock-Sparrow was not accustomed to children’s faces too close to him, so away he flew, but not far—just round the bend of the house, to see what was going



on in the kitchen. "What is this?" said he. "A plate outside the kitchen door with a nice piece of turkey on it! That must be meant for me! Good Cook, kind Cook, a merry Christmas to you—a happy Christmas to you! Think of it—turkey for my Christmas dinner! Kind Cook! good Cook! I wonder what Mr. Starling would say if he saw me now!" Mr. Starling did see him, for he looked out from his home in the roof to see what so much talking could be about, when the ground was covered with snow.



He flew down quickly and snapped up the little Sparrow's dinner. Without saying a word he flew back to his home in the roof; putting down the turkey in a safe place, he looked out at his friend Mr. Sparrow, who was chirping sadly in the snow. "Silence is golden, my friend; learn that lesson, and you will not so easily lose your treasures. I am a bird of business, and do not approve of too much talking." The Starling,

THE SPARROW'S LESSON.

leaving the Sparrow chirping disconsolately, returned to his newly-found dinner. Presently the Sparrow heard a sound which made his blood feel cold, very cold—colder than the snow. Somebody had said “Me-ow!” quite close to him. Mr. Sparrow was too frightened to move, for he knew that only the Manor House cat, Sandy Davison, could say “Me-ow!” like that, and there he was, not two yards away, looking at Mr. Cock-Sparrow with eyes like balls of fire. The poor Sparrow knew that in another moment



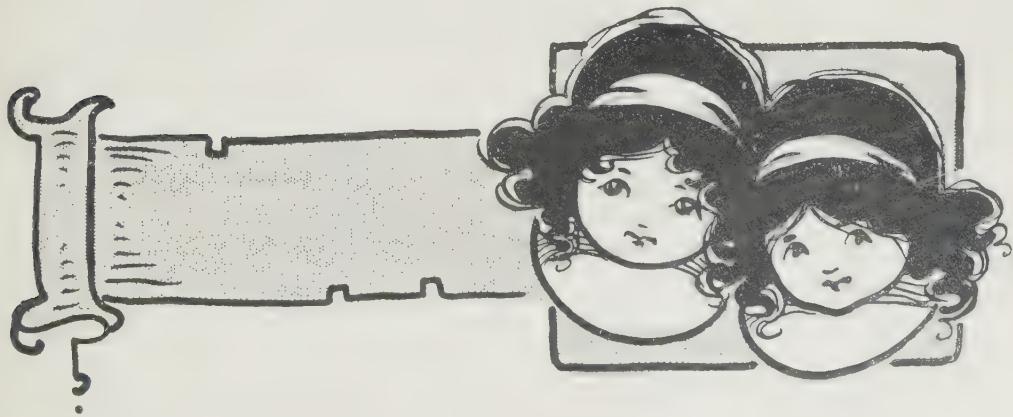
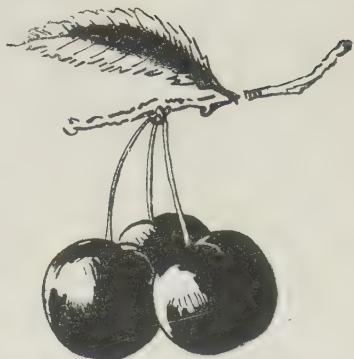
he would feel
Sandy Davi-
son's sharp
teeth and
claws. He gave
one pitiful cry
of despair.
Out came the
Starling's head

once more to see what was the matter, and down came the turkey bone, almost on Sandy's back. It was Sandy's turn to be frightened, and he gave a great start. For a moment the Sparrow was forgotten. Quick as thought away flew Mr. Cock-Sparrow on to the bough of a tree, where he wagged his tail and fluffed out his feathers with joy. “You stupid old cat!” he said, as soon as he had had time to recover from his good fortune. “Sandy Davison, if

you had not said 'Me-ow!' I would not have known you were near me, nor would the Starling have dropped that bone, and you would have had a fine bird for your dinner. I do not like stupid folk, that is why I have left you in such a hurry.

'Silence is golden,' my friend; learn that lesson, and you will not so easily lose your treasures. I am a busy bird, and cannot talk much, so good-bye.' Away flew the Sparrow. Sandy Davison sat down to think. "The Sparrow is right in what he has said, but I wonder who he is copying? I know all the Sparrow family love talking, and they are never doing anything in the shape of work. It is a mercy I did not eat that Sparrow. Such an untruthful creature, I am sure, would have disagreed with me." The Starling popped out his head and listened attentively and said nothing; but he thought Pussy wise for making the best of a bad business.

Seton May.



LAUGHING LYRICS.—IV.

A Monkey and a Mandarin,
A Mistress and a Mouse,
Were teasing a tall Tangerine
Because he had no house:
“It seems a vulgar thing,” they said,
“To have no place to go to bed!”

John Ayscough.



G. H. Thompson



*"It seems a vulgar thing," they said,
"To have no place to go to bed!"*



THE VISITOR.

There were five little children down below,
And a very small chimney leading there;
While up on the roof, in a foot of snow,
Was a Visitor big as a grizzly bear.

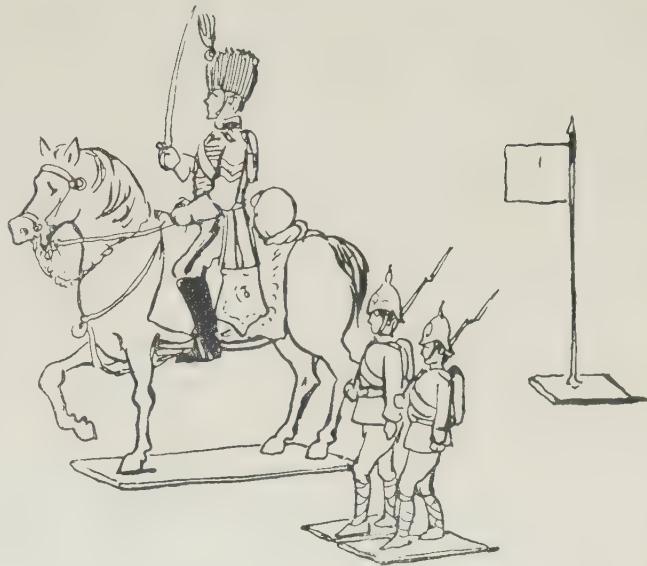
He made himself small in a magic way,
And as soon as he reached the nursery floor
He muttered a charm, he waved an arm,
And at once was as big as he was before!

There were five
little children
deep in dream,

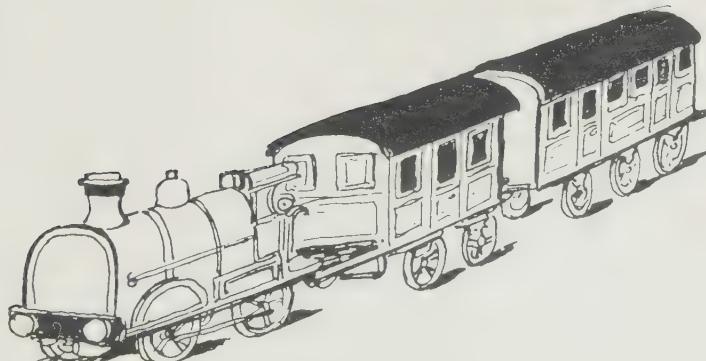
With a long black,
hungry stocking
for each,

All carefully
placed, so as not
to seem

Too high for old
Santa Claus to
reach.



The Visitor said, "It is sweet to find
Such a beauteous nest of girls and boys."
He muttered a charm, he waved an arm,
And his hands became full of delicious toys!



As he moved so softly beside
the beds,

His loving old heart went
pitter-pit-pat,

Till Christopher's, Margery's,
Violet's, Ted's
And Rosalind's stocking was
fatter than fat!



Having made himself small in a magic way,

And whisked to the roof from the nursery floor,
He muttered a charm, he waved
an arm,

And at once was as big as
he was before!



I am sure he was feeling rather sad
At the thought of leaving the lovely five;
But imagine the bountiful task he had,
With thousands of dear little souls alive!



So, breathing a prayer for the golden heads
Asleep in that fairy-haunted spot,
He muttered a charm, he waved an arm,
And dived down a neighbouring chimney-pot!

Norman Gale.



THE LITTLE MERMAID'S TREASURE.

Listen! I'll tell you a lovely secret!

When I was by the sea,
I was great friends with a little Mermaid,
She was great friends with me.

Often she brought strange things to show me,
Seaweeds and shells and flowers;
All of them growing beneath the Ocean,
As lovely a world as ours.

But once she showed me her greatest treasure,
Safe on a seaweed bed;
She looked to see there was no one coming,
And then in my ear she said—

"That is my own little Baby Brother;

Isn't he soft and wee?

I've brought him up from his coral cradle

On purpose for you to see!"

W. Foyster.





PERHAPS !

*Said Jumbo, "Now, if I could only do that,
I'm sure I shu'd quickly get rid of my fat!"*

C. B.



BREAKFAST-TIME.

Waiting for their breakfast, see six little Mice ;
Five are looking happy, smiling, neat and nice ;
One is crying sadly, she stayed late in bed,
Mother has to call her sometimes twice, 'tis said

THE CORN FAIRY.

Field-mouse, Field-mouse,

Come along and play ;

I'm a little Fairy,

So don't run away ;

I just want to tell you,

Ever since the morn,

I've been waiting for you

All among the corn.

Clifton Bingham.





IF I WERE A MERMAID.

*If wishes were fishes, a Mermaid I'd be,
And always go swimming about in the sea;
Instead of two feet have a cool, flapping tail;
I'd dance with the fishes and ride on a whale.*

*In a pink coral cave, 'tis there I would dwell,
With seaweed for curtains, and doors made of shell;
My furniture all should be mother-of-pearl,
If I were a Mermaid instead of a girl.*

Grace C. Floyd.



THE GREEDY LITTLE WOLF.

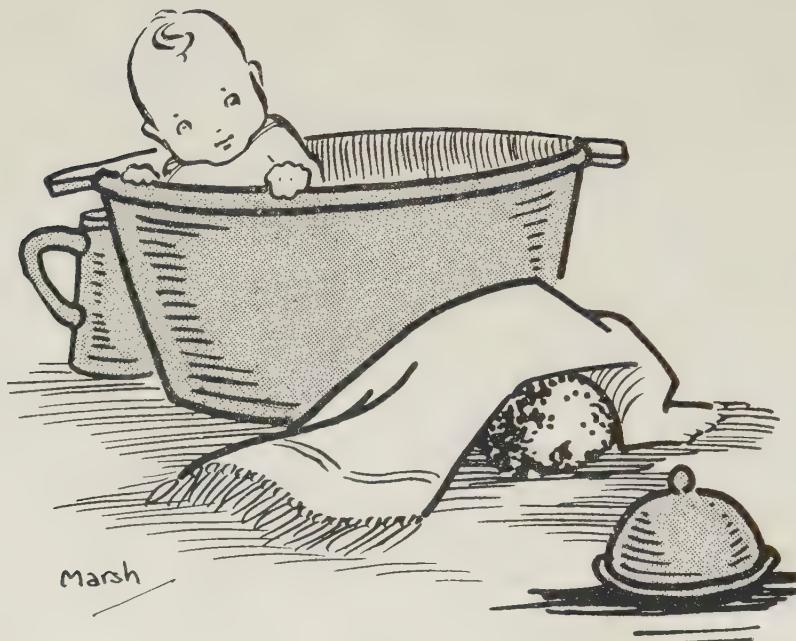
“Now, you bad, greedy boy, ask for more if you dare!”

Old Mother Wolf cries, “you’ve had more than your share.”



A SPITEFUL LITTLE PAIR.

That naughty young Wolf, I'm afraid, thinks it's funny
To urge on his sister in chasing poor Bunny.



SWEET OR SOUR ?

There was once a rosy apple,

Just as sweet as sweet could be ;

Quite the very nicest fellow

Ever grown upon a tree.

He belonged to little Daisy,

And he matched her rosy lips,

As she ate him up entirely,

Except the small brown pips.

There was once a big crab apple,

Just as sour as sour could be,

And nobody would eat him.

Such a cross old thing was he.

He was green instead of rosy,

And he thought the world a bore,

For he was a surly fellow,

Right to the very core.

There are certain little people
Whom we always love to meet,
Like the ripe and rosy apple,
Just as good as they are sweet.

But I know one shocking scholar,
Who is cross the whole day through,
As sour as sourest apple—
I hope it is not you!

Bessie Hawkins.



GREAT CATS.



LIONS and Tigers and Leopards are really great cats. The cat by your fireside is a cousin to these terribly savage animals, and resembles them in many of its ways. There are still real wild cats to be found in parts of Scotland, but they are becoming very scarce.

The Lion, which is called the King of Beasts, has its home in Africa, Persia, and India, although there are not many left in the last-named country. The male Lion has a thick mane on its head and shoulders, and a tuft at the end of its tail, in which is a small claw. The African Lion is the most handsome, and is so powerful that it can kill an ox with a blow from its huge paw.

When caught quite young they can be taught tricks, and perhaps you have seen some of these performing Lions in a menagerie. Some of these savage creatures become much attached to their keepers, and will do exactly what they tell them. I have seen, too, a great friendship between a Lion and a tiny dog, the little animal nestling between the paws of this big cat.

TIGERS.

THE Tiger is found in the jungles of India, China, and Siberia, but, strange to say, is unknown in a wild state in Ceylon. It is one of the most ferocious of wild animals, and is said to be even more powerful than the Lion.

The hunting of these savage creatures is naturally a very dangerous sport, but many men face this danger, for a Tiger's skin is a great trophy. Besides that, these animals must be destroyed, for they prowl round the villages at night and carry off valuable cattle; sometimes, too, they attack and kill the villagers themselves.

Baby Tigers, which are called cubs, are pretty little creatures, and as playful as kittens, but they soon begin to scratch and bite rather harder than is pleasant, so that they had best be left alone. The Bengal Tiger is considered to be the handsomest.



THE LEOPARD.

THE Leopard, which is also called the Panther, is the third in size of the great cats. It is common in Asia and Africa. Although not nearly so powerful as the Lion or the Tiger, it is quite as ferocious, and is even more cruel in its habits, for it will kill for the sake of killing, whereas Lions and Tigers only kill for food.

Leopards are wonderful climbers, and live a great deal among the trees, from the branches of which they drop on the poor unsuspecting animals below. They are also a great terror to the monkeys, as you can quite imagine.

Leopards are handsome animals, but instead of being striped like the Tiger, their skins are spotted. There is also a black Leopard, whose home is in South-Eastern Asia, and he is even more savage than the other kind.

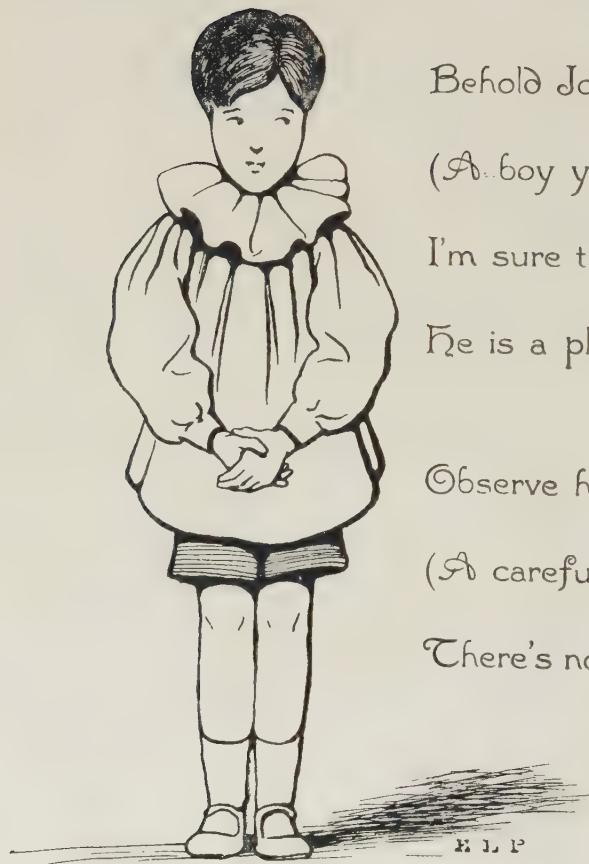
There are other great cats in the jungles and forests of the world, but I think we have had enough of them for the present.





A DROWSY DAY.

JOHN THOMAS THEODORE.



Behold John Thomas Theodore

(A boy you've never seen before;

I'm sure that you'll agree with me

He is a pleasant sight to see.

Observe his spotless pinafore

(A careful youth is Theodore);

There's not a hair that's out of place

And, what is more, he's

washed his face.

Consider well this picture sweet;

Who would not love a lad so neat?

But O! the truth I much deplore—

There's no such boy as Theodore!

E. L. P.



TRUST!

THE SWIMMING LESSON.

I should not care to be a fish,
And it was quite against my wish,
The other day, that brother Jim
Declared he'd teach me how to swim:

The lesson, as he must confess,
Was not exactly a success!

Ada L. Harris.



OUT OF REACH.

The Boy and the
Pussie looked
up in the tree

(Neither Baddie
nor Pussie
was tall).

Together they
gazed, and
together they
sighed,

“How I wish
that { ripe apple
fat dormouse }
would fall!”





HE HADN'T GOT USED TO HIS TRUNK.

Little Jumbo: "Now, I wonder where I can have put that
beautiful bowl of bread and milk?"



THE GLEE-SINGERS.

These are the "Black and White" Glee-Singers,
Whose voices are tremendous ringers,

And those who hear them singing say,
"Do something rather livelier play!"

To us your music seems to be
A lot of sing and not much glee!"

c. B.

THE GAY DOG.

Will anybody please to tell
Why people cry—"There goes a swell"?

All day I hear them saying so,
Whichever way I come or go.

The complimentary statement greets
My ears whene'er I walk the streets;
From which I fairly may
conclude

It is to me that they
allude.

I really think they're not
far wrong;

I "come it" so uncommon
strong;

With my silk hat and my
cigar,

I'm what the actors call
"a star."



William Cairn Jones.



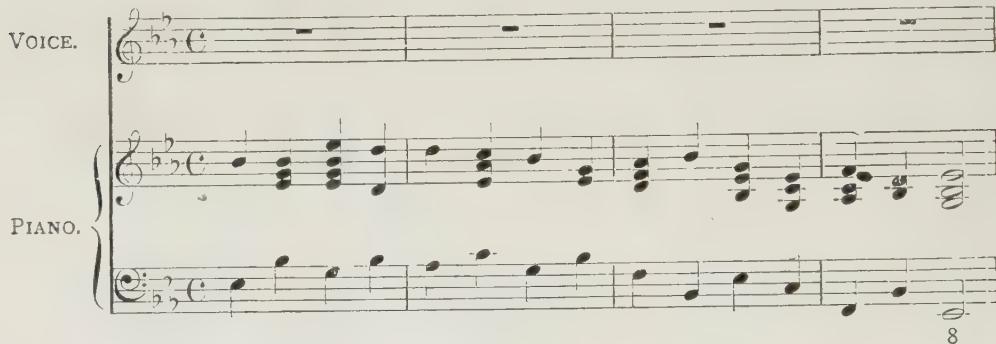
SPRINGTIME.

Words by EDITH PRINCE SNOWDEN.

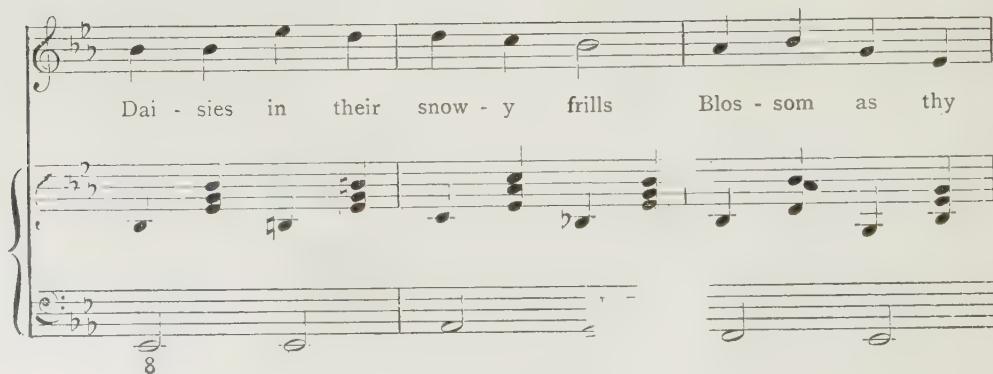
Music by IVY ALEXANDER.

VOICE.

PIANO.



8



Dai - sies in their snow - y frills Blos - som as thy

8

SPRINGTIME.

211

foot - steps pass ; Gold - en cups and li - ly bells

Whis - per 'mid the wav - ing grass.

What say they as winds go by?

SPRINGTIME.

Child, in life bear thou thy part ; Do the work God

bids thee do, With His spring - tide in thy heart.





A DREADFUL FIGHT.

My soldiers had a fight one day
With Bunny on the floor ;
They broke his leg, so rough were they,
And pinched him in the door.

But seeing Bunny was in pain,
I carried him to Mum,
And soon she made him well again
By mending him with gum !

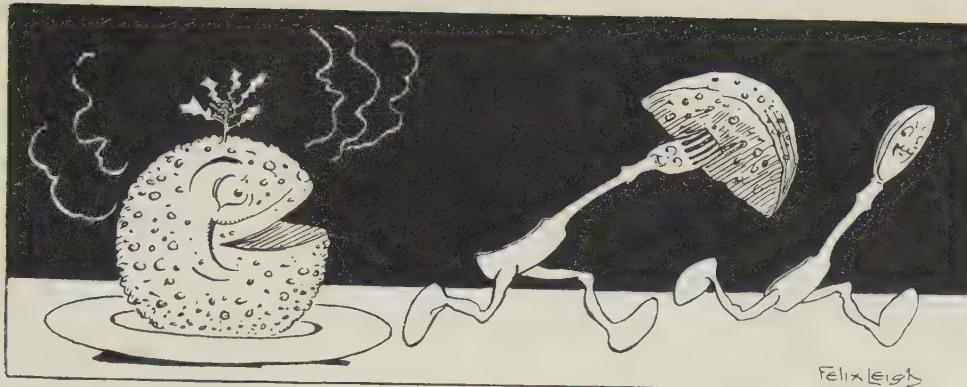
Leslie Mary Oyler.



Edith M. Taylor

Bunny Rabbit has a stall
For Plum Puddings, large
and small;

Hot Mince Pies and Xmas Cakes
Every day he freshly bakes.



LOOK AT HIS FACE!

“For stealing a slice of me you are to blame,”

Cried Plum Pudding, beginning to “chaff”;

“But do I look sad on account of that same?

Not at all—what you’ve done makes me laugh!”

Felix Leigh.





LADY MAUD'S ADVENTURE.

IT had come at last ! It really had seemed ages, but here it was, and there was no mistake about it. I am referring to Polly's birthday.

Well, you know, birthdays have so many advantages. You are a year older, and there is a splendid cake for tea ; and sometimes you have a party, and nearly always you have presents. Polly had all these, so, you see, she was a very fortunate little girl.

Chief among her presents was Lady Maud, the beautiful

wax doll ; she was called *Lady* Maud because she was so refined ; her education had been of the highest, her manners were charming, and her dresses a "dream"—fancy that !

The next best present, little Polly thought, was the cot for Lady Maud. It was a perfect thing in cots, with a beautiful quilt and exquisite bedding, but, after all, not a bit too good for such a refined person as Lady Maud.

At least, that was what Lady Maud said. She thought nothing was too good for her beautiful self, for, if the truth must be told, Lady Maud, with all her refinement and all her charm, was distinctly selfish, and considered herself the grandest doll in the world.



Well, the birthday came to an end at last; the party broke up, and bed-time arrived. Lady Maud was put to bed in the beautiful cot, and Polly went to sleep in her own little white bed, and everything was just as it should be.

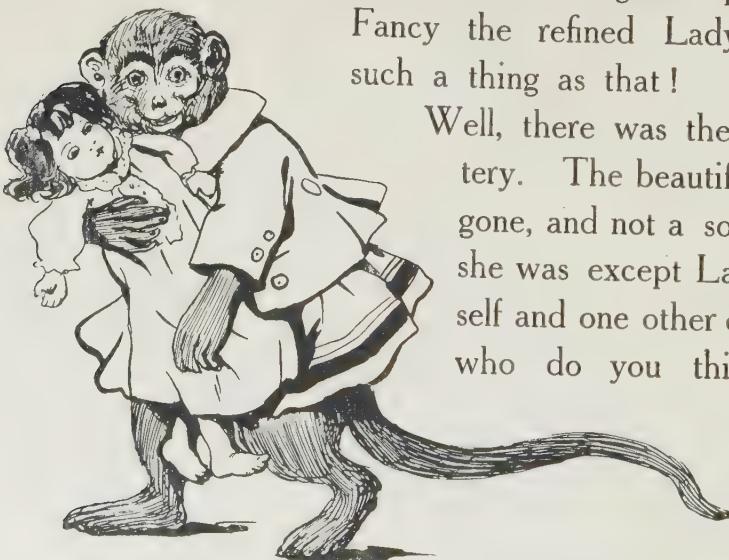
Well, with the next morning came a most wonderful and dreadful discovery. It was scarcely believable; people could hardly talk about it; they could only just stare and exclaim, "Extraordinary!" "Marvellous!" "Never knew anything like it!" and so forth.

The fact was, Lady Maud had disappeared—gone right out of her cot and clean away, without even leaving a note behind her! The door was shut, and she was not tall enough to reach the handle, so she could not have gone that way. The window was open, certainly, but she would not have had the courage to jump out; besides, why should she have been so silly? and she certainly had not gone up the chimney.

Fancy the refined Lady Maud doing such a thing as that!

Well, there was the dreadful mystery. The beautiful wax doll had gone, and not a soul knew where she was except Lady Maud herself and one other creature. And who do you think that was?

Why, Master Jacko, the monkey that lived next





door. He had seen Lady Maud arrive, and had fallen in love with her at once. Then, he had not been asked to the party, which had offended and annoyed him ; so what did he do but climb the tree in the garden, jump in at Polly's bedroom window, in the early morning, when all were asleep, and, despite anything that Lady Maud could say, stole her out of her lovely cot, and put her to bed in the coal-scuttle ! Fancy that ! PUT—HER—TO—BED—IN—THE—COAL-SCUTTLE !

It was a shock that few wax dolls would have got over, but Lady Maud had courage, and managed to survive it.

There she was found some hours later, and was restored to Polly.

Jacko, I understand, had a whipping, and I really think it served him right.

On the whole it did not do Lady Maud any harm ; some say it even did her good, for if she was ever inclined to be haughty or proud, one of the humbler dolls would exclaim, "Coal-scuttle ! " and this would bring the wax beauty to her senses immediately.

It was a remarkable experience.





I've got a lovely
Monkey, and
oh! he is so
kind

That, even when
I pull his tail,
he never seems to
mind ;

And I wish I were a
Princess, then I'd
deck him up with
lace ;

He's the cuddlesomest monkey, with his smiley-wiley face.

"JOTTER."

"Jotter."



KING LEO.

“I’m a jolly old soul,
So you’d better bring
My pipe and bowl,”
Said the Lion King:
“A glass would be far too small for me—
And I haven’t *one* fiddler, much less three!”

Ada L. Harris.

A BAD LITTLE PAIR.

Very painful it is, I declare !

This Pussy-cat sister and brother,
Like a badly-behaved little pair,
Are exceedingly rude to their mother.

A poor widowed cat, lorn and lone;

Of her life she looks heartily
sick ;

But I think it *might* alter their
tone

If she gave them a taste of
her stick.





A BASKETFUL.

"A pot of jam, a cake, some eggs—the basket's rather small;
I don't quite see, my Pussy dear, how I'm to pack them all!"

A. L. H.

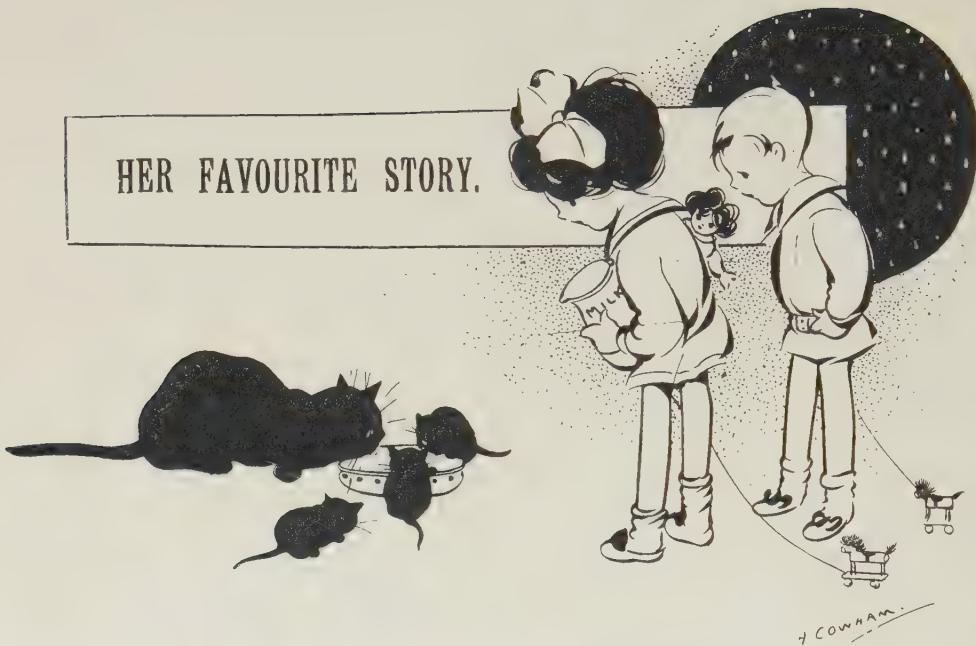
THE PUZZLED PAGE.

The cloth is such a handsome bit,
He wants to make a cloak from it,
And wear it at a wedding, but
He *can't* think how he ought to cut!

N. G.



HER FAVOURITE STORY.



Oh, Mummy, dear Mummy, please tell me a story!

I'm tired of playing, and long for a tale;
I don't mean the one about Jack and Minori—

I've heard that so often, it's getting quite stale.

Nor about the small girl with the curl on her forehead;
I don't like those stories, they're all much too short;
And I don't want to hear of bad children and horrid,
Nor of good little dears who e'er do as they ought.

I'd rather hear all about you, darling Mother,
When you were a little girl, ages ago;
That's the story I want, so please tell me no other,
For there's ever so much that I'm longing to know.

Let me sit on your lap, and I won't move or fidget;
So open your arms and just cuddle me in;
I know I'm not heavy—Dad says I'm a midget;
Now I'm comfy and waiting—please, Mummy, begin!

Irma Blumkensee





"The Bird that ate the Battledore."



LAUGHING LYRICS.—V.

The bird that ate the battledore
Was never well again;
His throat was almost always sore,
Although he had no pain.
A mustard leaf gave no relief,
Although it came from Spain;
The Doctor said, "It's my belief
(The thing's as plain as plain)
He needs a pound of prime cold beef
Before it turns to rain."
But only those that knew the cause
Perceived the rabbit in his jaws.

John Ayscough.



“His throat was almost always sore.”



FASHIONS FOR FROGS.

“I think this suit is hard to beat,”
Said Father Frog, “I really do;
The speckled pattern’s very neat—
It fits without a wrinkle, too.

“Although, perhaps, a trifle tight
Across the chest, the other frogs
Will almost burst themselves with spite
When they behold me in these togs!”

Ada L. Harris.

TIP, THE TERRIER.

Young Tip was
always up to
tricks,

Naughty, naughty
terrier !

And if he got you
in a fix,

He was all the
merrier.



Just always full of pranks and jokes,
Which he thought very funny ;
To him they were, but not to folks
To whom they oft cost money.



He'd chase the fowls all through
the yard ;
Their tails he'd sometimes
scatter ;
He'd run the little pigs so
hard,
They never could grow
fatter.

And even at the dead of night
 Of tricks he would not tire;
 He gave the household such a fright
 By screaming, "Fire! Fire!"

And when poor Mrs. Tabbytoes,

Affrighted, called out,
 "Where, oh?"

He turned on her the fire hose,

And rudely shouted,
 "There, oh!"

His pranks by night, his
 tricks by day,

Each week grew more
 annoying,

Till all, to cure him of his play

Began some means employing.



Where?

One tweaked his tail whene'er he slept,

One took away his dinner,

And without sleep and food they kept
 Him until he was thinner.

They used a whip, they chained him up,
And left him lonely, squealing,
Till he had realized—bad pup !
The pains they had been feeling.

And now he is so changed
in mind,
You know he'd never
tease you,
But always do things good
and kind,
Just ev'rything to please
you.

Grace C. Floyd.





“I DID NOT LAY THESE EGGS!”

“This is *my* nest!” proclaimed a hen

(Her name was Speckled Meg);

“I come here every morning when

I wish to lay an egg!

“But oh! I do declare,” said Meg,

“Believe me if you please,

I never, *never* laid an egg

A bit like one of these!

Ah! I’ll sit on them, and see

What other things may chance to be.”

H. M. Burnside.



CRUEL BEN AND THE MERRY ROBIN.

As Ben and Susie crossed a field,
They saw a Robin red;
Ben from his pocket drew a stone,
The Robin turned his head.

He gave an awful wink at Sue,
 And cocked his eye at Ben—
“Your little finger might drop off !
 And what would you do then ?”

Ben dropped the stone and
 hung his head
 Beneath the Robin’s stare,
 And Susie held her finger up
 To see that it was there.

They told their mother all
 the tale,
 And asked her—growing
 red—
 If fingers really did drop off,
 And Mother gravely said :

“No, that was just his bit
 of fun,
 And really most absurd ;
 But oh, I did not think that
 Ben
Would stone a little bird !”

W. Foyster.





DASH AND TAFFY.

Our newest dog's as good as gold
At doing everything he's told ;

When we are playing on the beach
He never wanders out of reach

But if a white and hissing wave
Seems bearing Dolly to her grave,
Without a thought of danger, Dash
Bounds in and saves her by her sash !

But Taffy is far otherwise;
We want about a hundred eyes
To watch him when we go with Nurse
To spend the money in her purse.

He seems to think that any bone
In butchers' shops is just his own;
And when he steals it off he flies,
And leaves us to apologise!

Norman Gale.





UNBEARABLE BEEHAVIOUR!

"It's much too bad!" exclaimed the Bee;
"I hate to see you take it
A hundred times more quickly than
A hive of us can make it."



HAPPY TIMES.

THE SEA DOG.

With my telescope under my arm,

I'm keeping a good look-out;

And no one need feel alarm,

'Tis certain, while I'm about.

While, wherever you care to roam

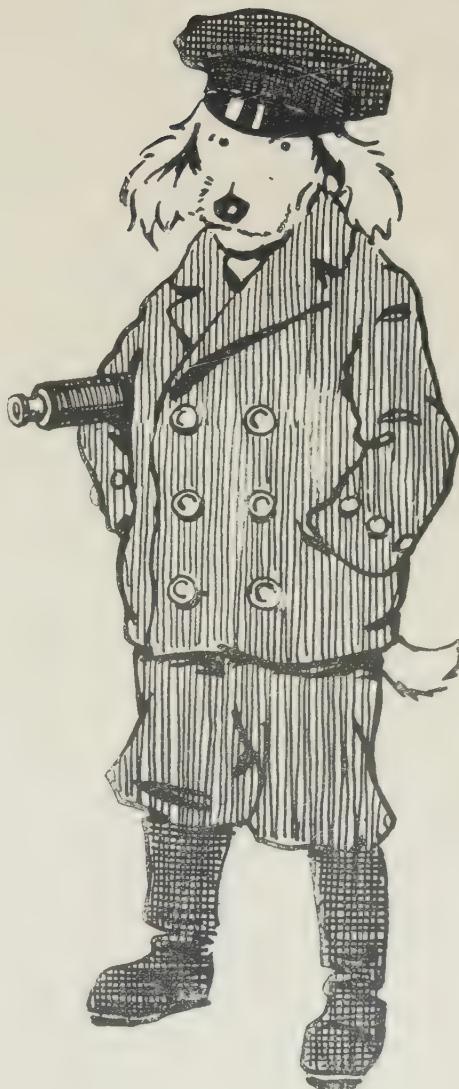
I'll gladly escort you, for,
You know, I'm as much at home

Afloat as I am ashore,

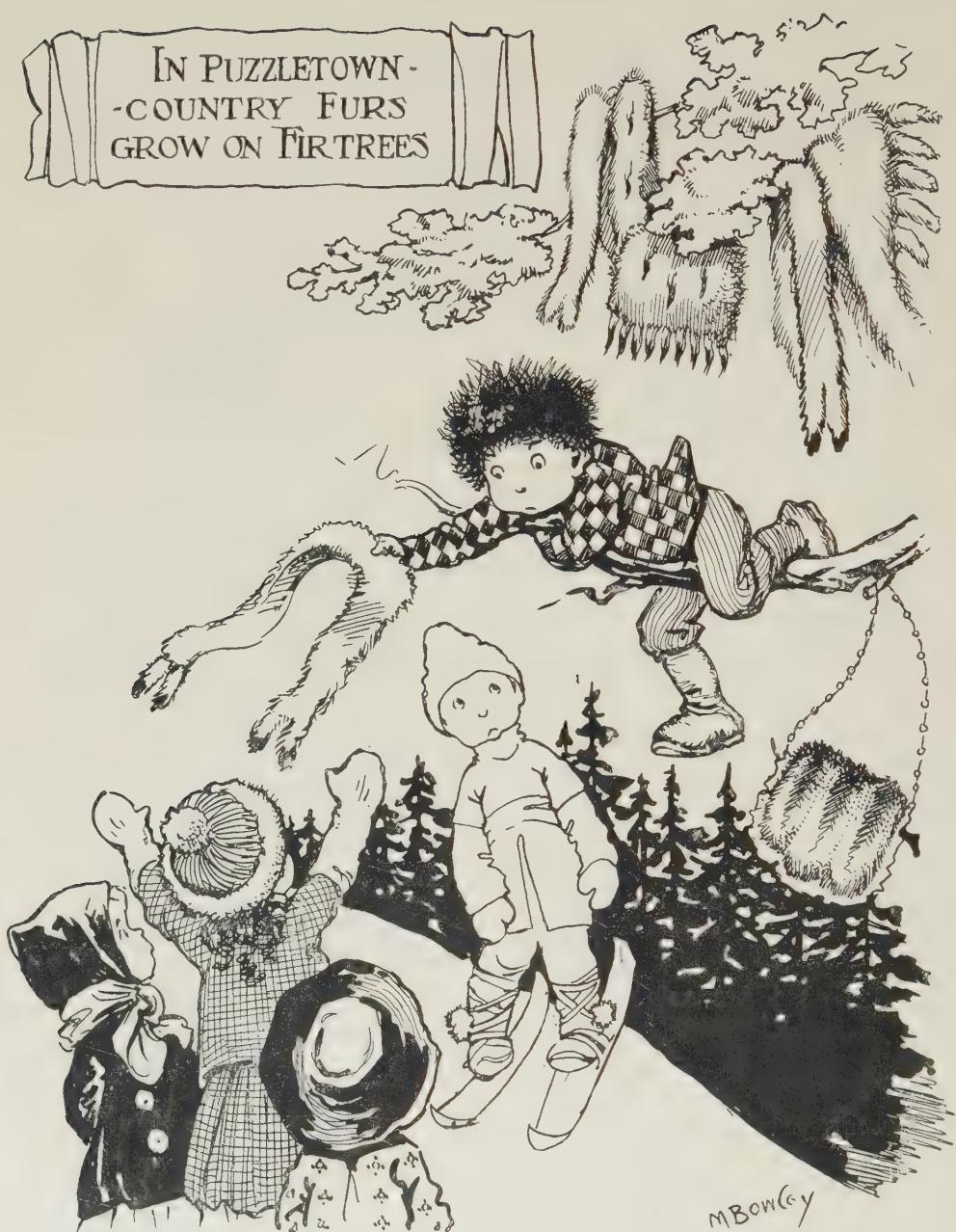
As I wish all to understand,

A well-trained dog, like me,
Can manage a bark on land
As well as upon the sea.

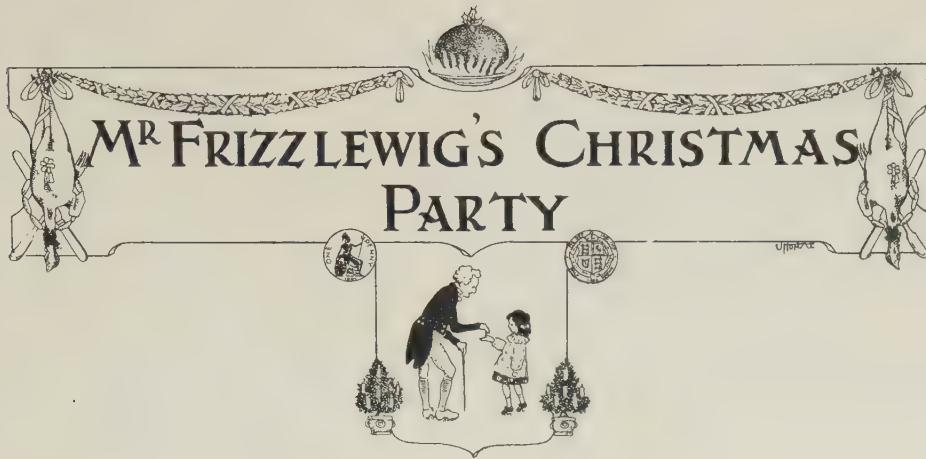
Ada L. Harris.



IN PUZZLETOWN -
COUNTRY FURS
GROW ON FIR TREES



How lucky were these little folk, to find
A boy so nimble and a fir so kind!



I.

MOST of us like a crusty loaf, but few of us care for crusty people, and Mr. Frizzlewig was very crusty indeed. No one looking at Mr. Frizzlewig could possibly imagine that he had ever been a baby, or if he really had been a baby years ago, he must have been a very cross and ugly one.

Like a very crusty loaf, Mr. Frizzlewig had been over-baked. He was a hard old gentleman. His face was hard, his voice was hard, and his manner was hard. As to his heart, nobody but old Martha, his housekeeper, knew anything about that, but it was said by his neighbours that he hadn't one, and it's an awful thing to go about without a heart.

The neighbours also said that Mr. Frizzlewig was immensely rich, but that he was a miser ; though the neighbours really knew nothing about it, for both the old gentleman and his housekeeper kept themselves very much to themselves, gossiping with nobody.

Well, one day, just before last Christmas, Mr. Frizzlewig was coming home in the evening, stumping along the pavement with his hard boots, when, to his horror, he saw four little boys and two little



girls standing on his doorstep. Just fancy children with their muddy boots upon *his* doorstep—it made his blood boil!

Now, what were the four little boys and two little girls doing by

the old gentleman's door? They were singing a Christmas carol, and singing it very well too.

Mr. Frizzlewig was going to say something nasty, but the words of the carol stopped him. He beat the pavement with his hard stick and put his hand in his pocket.

Now, for Mr. Frizzlewig to put his hand in his pocket for the purpose of giving something away was so extraordinary that Mr. Frizzlewig was amazed at himself, and his hand trembled.

"Here is a penny for you children," he said, in his hard voice, handing a coin to one of the little boys; "and run away, and don't dirty my steps again."

"Thank you, sir! A Merry Christmas, sir!" came the shrill chorus.

"Bah!" exclaimed Mr. Frizzlewig, as he let himself in with his latch-key and slammed the door.

"'A Merry Christmas!' Bah!" he remarked to himself, as he sat down to his frugal meal of bread and cheese. "It's a bad, dishonest



world! What's the good of pretending to be merry when one is miserable? Why deceive ourselves?"

"How foolish of me to give those children a penny!" he continued; "they will only buy sweets and make themselves ill."

This remark showed that Mr. Frizzlewig certainly did not understand how much a little boy or a little girl can eat without being upset.

Just then the sound of footsteps—children's footsteps—was heard coming to the door, and Mr. Frizzlewig turned white with anger.



"Coming back again!" he said harshly, "coming back again! They are not satisfied. I will give them something else this time!"

The old gentleman seized his stick and crept along the hall.

II.

Meantime the children had run to the nearest lamp-post to look at their treasure, for a penny, even between six of them, was quite a little

fortune. Now you can imagine their amazement—their utter astonishment—when they discovered that Mr. Frizzlewig had given them a half-a-crown instead of a penny! So surprised, and even frightened, were these small people that they were speechless for some seconds.

"Half-a-crown!" at last

whispered one of the little girls, "instead of a penny; it's thirty pence!"

"Fivepence each!" said a small boy, who was at the top of his arithmetic class.

"No, it does not mean that," said he who held the coin; "it means nothing for us."

"Why?" came the chorus.

"Why," answered the little lad, "why, because it's a mistake. The old gentleman said, 'Here is a penny for you,' when he gave it to us, so we must go and give him back his half-a-crown."

One of the little girls began to cry, and one little boy said "Rot!" which was very vulgar of him.

"It's no good making a bother," said he who had the coin; "there's only one thing to do, so let's go and get it over."

With sad hearts the little troop retraced their steps to Mr. Frizzlewig's house, and rapped on the door with their knuckles; they were too short to reach the knocker.

The door flew open, out flew Mr. Frizzlewig with a yell, and away flew the children.

"You come back and I'll give you Merry Christmas!" shouted the old gentleman, waving his stick; then he went in again and slammed the door once more, lit his candle and went to bed.



III.

Next evening Mr. Frizzlewig stumped home at the usual hour, his hard boots and hard stick sounding noisily on the pavement. He let himself in with his latchkey and sat down to his

simple evening meal, just as he had done for years and years.

Mr. Frizzlewig suddenly let his knife fall on to his plate, for there had come the knocking with knuckles on the outer door.

"Well I never!" he exclaimed to himself. "How dare they come back again!"

Seizing his stick as he had done the evening before, he went hurriedly into the hall and flung open the door. Somewhat to the surprise of Mr. Frizzlewig, instead of the troop of children he expected to see, there stood, cap in hand, upon his doorstep but one curly-headed boy.

"What do you want?" cried the old gentleman, with stick upraised. "How dare you come back here? Didn't I give you a penny? and this is how you return my kindness!"

"Please, sir," answered the boy without flinching, "please, sir, you did not give us a penny. You made a mistake, and gave us half-a-crown, and I have brought it back to you."

"Eh?" remarked Mr. Frizzlewig, lowering the threatening arm.



The boy repeated what he had said, at the same time holding out the money.

Mr. Frizzlewig rubbed his eyes, and pinched himself severely.

"No," he whispered to himself, "I am *not* dreaming. Do you mind saying that over again?"

The boy once more repeated the sentence, wondering at the old gentleman's manner.

Mr. Frizzlewig took the coin, looked at it carefully, bit it, and rang it on the doorstep. Then he looked closely at the boy's face —a pretty face, with bright blue, honest eyes.

"Little lad," he said, and somehow the hardness of his voice had gone, "little lad, come inside."

Mr. Frizzlewig took the boy into the dining-room, lit another candle, and stirred the fire.

"So you brought me the half - a - crown back, because you think I made a mistake. Well, you are quite



right. I don't give half-crowns away to little boys, or to anyone, for the matter of that."

The old gentleman slipped the coin into his pocket and sat down close to his little visitor, who was standing on the rug before the fire.

"How old are you, little lad?" asked Mr. Frizzlewig.

"Eight, sir."

"Any brothers and sisters, eh?"

"Seven, sir."

"Father and mother at home?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"How much does your father earn a week?"

"Sixteen shillings, sir."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Frizzlewig, rubbing his chin, "dear me!"

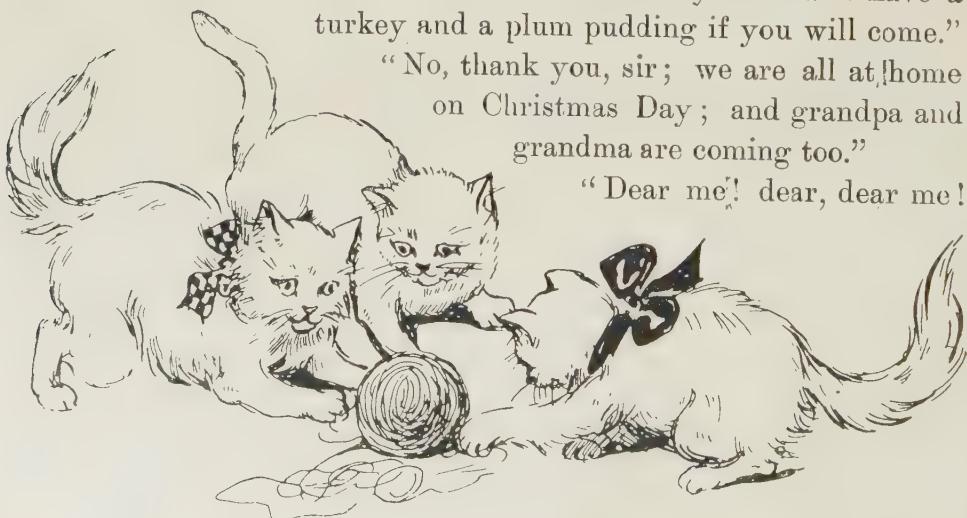
This strange old gentleman then proceeded to examine the boy's clothes, muttering to himself the while.

"Patched and mended, but clean enough. Boots mended, too; but they have been polished. Dear me! sixteen shillings a week!"

Then he said aloud, "Little lad, will you come and have dinner with me on Christmas Day? I will have a turkey and a plum pudding if you will come."

"No, thank you, sir; we are all at home on Christmas Day; and grandpa and grandma are coming too."

"Dear me! dear, dear me!"



It's really very marvellous, and sixteen shillings a week!" The old man smiled, and suddenly the hardness of his face vanished.

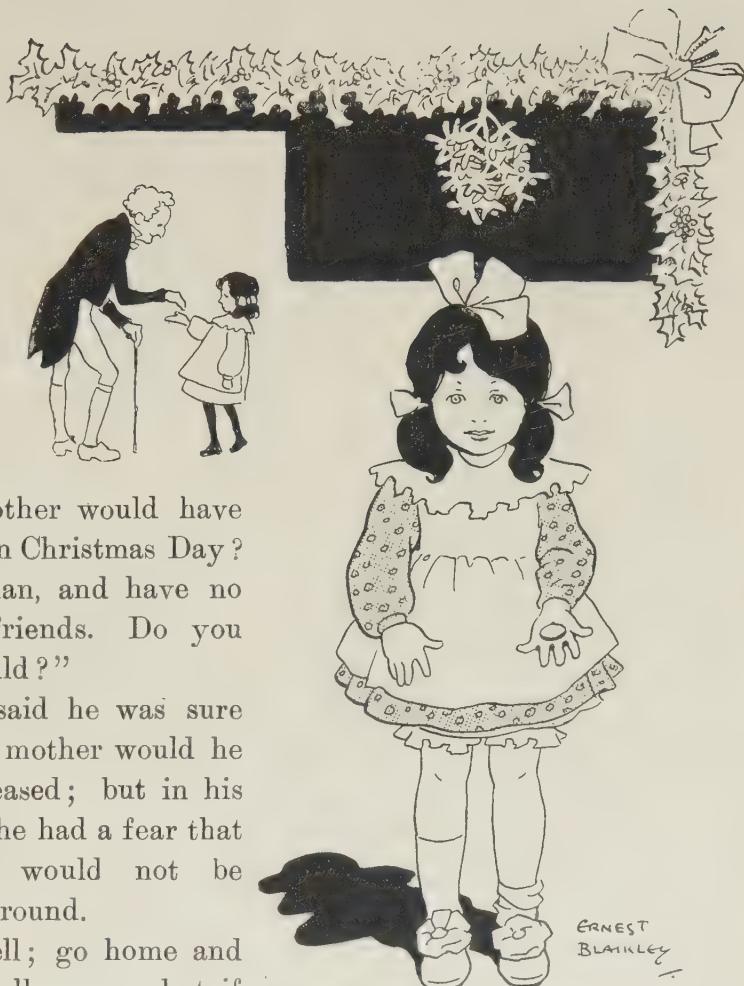
"I wonder if your father and mother would have me to dinner on Christmas Day? I'm an old man, and have no relations and friends. Do you think they would?"

The boy said he was sure his father and mother would be very much pleased; but in his childish heart he had a fear that perhaps there would not be enough to go round.

"Very well; go home and tell them I shall come; but if they don't want me, come back and tell me so."

As Mr. Frizzlewig showed the boy out, after writing down his address, his step was lighter, his manner was no longer hard, his voice was cheerful, and he had a throbbing in his left breast that proved the neighbours were wrong. He had a heart after all; and, moreover, it was in the right place.

The next day was a busy one for Mr. Frizzlewig. There was the turkey to buy, and the sausages, the great plum pudding, the



fruit, the crackers, and the toys; a pound or so of tea, and some ounces of tobacco. Mr. Frizzlewig forgot nothing; and everything he bought went round to that little boy's home.

Fancy Mr. Frizzlewig acting the part of a good fairy! It's difficult to fancy, but that's just what he did.

* * * * *

It *was* a party! Mr. Frizzlewig had certainly never known one like it. Even grandpa and grandma could not remember such a glorious, merry Christmas Day. The other children who had sung the carol on the doorstep came in in the afternoon, and each was presented with a bright, new half-a-crown.

It was late when Mr. Frizzlewig got home on Christmas night, and it was a changed and altered Mr. Frizzlewig that let himself in. He was no longer a crusty, cross-grained old man, who did not believe in the goodness of his fellow-creatures. On the contrary, he felt that the world was a very bright and lovely place, if only you care to make it so.

Edric Vredenburg.



A GAME OF LEAP-FROG.



NOT UP TO IT.

Cried angry Hippopotamus,
“I see, now you must saw!”
Said Jumbo, “Please don’t make a fuss;
I can’t saw any more!”



SUCH A SURPRISE!

The breakfast bell began to ring;
"Oh, dear!" said Grace, "I shall be late!
And yet it is the strangest thing,
Because the clock has not struck eight!"

She ran downstairs with all her might;
Both Dad and Mother came as well;
And there they saw a funny sight—
'Twas Baby who had rung the bell!

Leslie Mary Oyler.

READY FOR DREAMS.

Where do you think these girls will go,
In their sleeping-gowns, as white as snow?

They are all of them walking away from here,
By the Candlestick Road to Bedfordshire!



THE NURSERY BY NIGHT.

"Now," said the little mice,

"We can say

What kept the children so

Good today.

Twas Father Tuck's Annual

Full of fun

For boys, girls, mice, and for
Every one."



